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Dance and Dancers

SEPTEMBER 1958

This month's full ballet guide

2s

YVETTE CHAUVIRÉ

of the Paris Opera who appears as guest ballerina with the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden this month

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20 WED	M	*(reproduced by*			
20 WED	E	*Leon Wojcikowski)*	2 TUE	E	Les Sylphides Symphony for Fun The Dying Swan Etudes
21 THU	E	Concerti			
22 FRI	E	Nutcracker Suite			
23 SAT	M	Coppelia	3 WED	M	Swan Lake (Act II) Nutcracker Suite Symphony for Fun
23 SAT	E				
25 MON	E				
26 TUE	E	Les Sylphides The Witch Boy Bolero 1830 Symphony for Fun	3 WED 4 THU 5 FRI	E E E	Swan Lake (Act II) The Witch Boy Graduation Ball
27 WED	M	Swan Lake (Act II) Romeo and Juliet *preview* Variations for Four Napoli Swan Lake (Act II)	6 SAT	M	Les Sylphides Nutcracker Suite Bolero 1830 Symphony for Fun
			6 SAT	E	Swan Lake (Act II) The Witch Boy Graduation Ball
27 WED	E	Variations for Four Romeo and Juliet	8 MON 9 TUE	E E	Concerti : Giselle Gala Performance
28 THU	E	*(London Premiere)* Napoli	10 WED	M	Les Sylphides Nutcracker Suite Graduation Ball
29 FRI	E	Swan Lake (Act II) The Witch Boy Graduation Ball	10 WED	E	Les Sylphides The Witch Boy Graduation Ball
30 SAT	M	Les Sylphides Nutcracker Suite The Dying Swan Symphony for Fun	11 THU 12 FRI	E E	Concerti : Giselle
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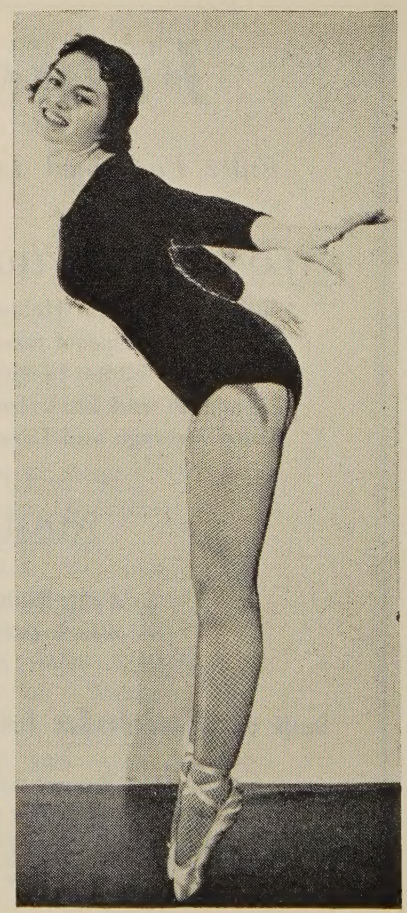

Personality of the Month

YVETTE CHAUVIRÉ

THE appearances in England of Yvette Chauviré, first Lady of French Ballet, are always occasions for rejoicing. This summer we have additional cause for celebration as she is appearing at Covent Garden with our own national ballet, so joining the illustrious ranks of Idzikowski, Massine and Danilova by becoming one of the few non-British dancers ever to appear with the company.

Not only will she be seen in *Giselle* — the rôle that first won her London fame at the Cambridge Theatre in 1946 — but she is also scheduled to appear in parts like Aurora and Odette that London has never had the opportunity of seeing her dance.

She was born in 1917, two years earlier than her contemporary Fonteyn, and studied at the Paris Opéra where most of her career has been spent. In some respects she shares many qualities with her British opposite number, and it would be true to say that this *prima ballerina assoluta* is really no more typical of French ballet than Dame Margot is of British. She has a wide range, perhaps wider than Fonteyn, and is a great classical dancer with a very personal manner. Just as the career of Fonteyn has closely been linked with that of Ashton, so Chauviré for many years provided inspiration for Serge Lifar. And, also like Fonteyn, she has become more internationally famous than the company with which she is identified.

But her visit to Covent Garden is not only welcome because of the opportunity it affords to see a great ballerina, but also because it may mark an end to the somewhat parochial attitude the Royal Ballet has hitherto taken towards visiting foreign guest artists. Our national ballet having now firmly established itself, should take every opportunity of welcoming the chance of providing a frame for distinguished (and we mean really distinguished) foreigners, so that our dancers and audiences can continue to learn from the ballet traditions of other countries. Let us hope that the visit of Chauviré is to set a precedent, and that soon we will be greeting in our own opera house and among our own dancers the great international dance stars of the world — from Russia, from America, from Denmark, from France, from wherever the art of dance is revered.

The front-cover picture of Chauviré is by Enkelmann of Berlin.

September 1958 9th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 9 No. 9

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES

Assistant Editor: E. C. MASON

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

The Ugly Head of Politics Again

IT's happened again! For the third time the ugly head of politics has reared up and destroyed a season of dance intended to promote an understanding of the arts between one great country and another. It is sad that China, a nation who for centuries has managed to keep its noble culture apart from anything so mundane as international squabbles, should have cut short its season of Classical Theatre at the Adelphi Theatre in London owing to the political situation in the Middle East. Just after we sent troops to Jordan, the Chinese, in protest, refused to play before the British public. In this case there is hardly a parallel between the Bolshoi recall from their first Paris venture or the Royal Ballet's cancelled Moscow season, because in both these cases one of the countries concerned had been responsible for considerable bloodshed. We only landed in Jordan as a precautionary measure and at the time of writing we have not been responsible for bloodshed, and the situation hardly concerns China directly.

But the loss of a season, which had opened brilliantly and engendered great public and critical acclaim, is not so serious as the realisation that the Chinese have got their political views confused with their art. As far as the British are concerned, it is most unlikely that any of those who had their money refunded at the Adelphi box office owing to the protest "walk-out" are going to alter their opinions of the vexed Middle Eastern situation just because they could not see the show they had booked for. So the only real losers in the end will probably be the Chinese.

Recently many politicians have been ready to praise the value of art as a means of communication between nations. Even at this late hour — and it's far later than you think — I still cling to the belief that music, painting and ballet can provide the last chink before the door is finally closed on any further contact between nations. But as long as there is a chink there is still some sort of hope. The international understanding that has been brought about by those visits of companies from the U.S.S.R., America, France, Spain, Denmark and many others has been incredible. Little differences there may have been, but in the end a certain bond has been formed between ourselves and the various countries concerned which no political upheaval will ever really shake.

It may seem, when faced with the problems that are disturbing the entire face of the globe, that the pursuit and practice of the arts is too frivolous and concerns too small a majority of people to be of any consequence whatsoever. But as long as people can unravel, in their minds, the threads of art and politics, and realise that art is still the neutral channel of communication between nations, then there will still be some common meeting-ground for the peoples of this earth.

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Two Worlds meet in Spoleto

The composer, Gian-Carlo Menotti, organised an original festival in Spoleto, which combined talents from Italy and America. The principal ballet attraction was the Robbins-Bolender programme.

Reviewed by

NOËL GOODWIN

REHERSAL IN SPOLETO : John Butler, kneeling, rehearses his group in the sun. Left to right : Coco Ramirez, Tina Ramirez, Carmen de Lavallade, Buzz Miller, Charles Saint Amant and Glen Tetley. Unfortunately owing to a clash of dates it was impossible for Noël Goodwin to see this group. Photo : Martha Swope.

EUROPE's latest festival centre is an ancient Italian town sprawling high in the hills of Umbria, some 78 miles north of Rome. It was chosen by the composer Gian-Carlo Menotti as the venue for his Festival of Two Worlds, organised by him with the general idea of fostering closer collaboration between young creative talent from the Old World and the New, and held for the first time from June 5-30. He picked Spoleto because of its natural charm and also because, for a normal population of 30,000 or so, its two fine theatres offered excellent facilities. (The hotel facilities, on the other hand, left a very great deal to be desired, but I was assured that improvements are being made for next year.)

By the time I arrived, after pioneering the hazards of boarding the right train at Rome and identifying my destination when I reached it, Spoleto in its third week of festival was jammed to the attics, and visitors were overflowing to neighbouring towns. There had been the usual slump in box-office business after the opening, but the last ten days brought nearly full houses of Italians and foreign tourists to sample the festival fare of music, ballet, drama and painting. Each aspect was in charge of an artistic director : John Butler (dance), Thomas Schippers (music), José Quintero (drama) and Giovanni Urbani (fine arts).

Most of the presentations had some element of international endeavour, although not so much intermingling of ideas and personalities as I had hoped, nor did the general standard of achievement reach a particularly high level. Honourable exceptions were a French drama company in Alphonse Daudet's Provençal period drama, *L'Arlèsienne* (with Bizet's familiar incidental music heard for once in its proper context), and a programme of entirely American ballets by Jerome Robbins (three) and Todd Bolender (one). Butler himself produced a programme of four "chamber ballets" with his own choreography, but since the organisers brightly arranged that both ballet programmes were staged on the same night, I had to miss these.

GAMES : *Dancers in Todd Bolender's ballet to Stravinsky music. Left to right : Beryl Towbin, John Mandia, Gwen Lewis, Erin Martin, James Moore and Joan Van Orden.*

However, the Robbins-Bolender programme, under the title of "Ballets U.S.A.", provided a good deal to enjoy and much to think about. It was danced by an all-American company of 16, without specific principals but prominently featuring Wilma Curley (from *West Side Story*), John Mandia and Bolender himself. Conductor Werner Tornakowsky (who is married to the Spanish dancer Teresa, of the former Teresa-and-Luisillo partnership) strove valiantly to obtain reliable playing from the not very polished resident orchestra, the Trieste Philharmonic, and secured a mostly good foundation for the dancing. Robbins had planned to produce his own version of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* for the festival, but the preparation involved in his new jazz ballet, which became one of the highspots, meant that the Stravinsky project had to be postponed.

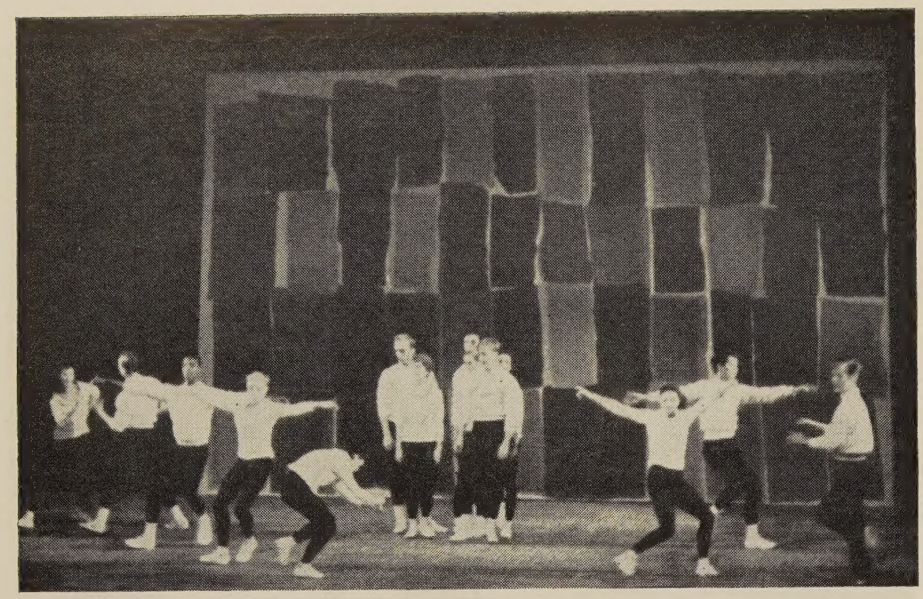
Bolender led off the programme with :

Games

Choreography, Todd Bolender. Music, Igor Stravinsky (Suite from Pulcinella**). Sets and Costumes, Lucia Vernarelli. New revision of ballet first given as** Commedia Balletica **by the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo, 17 September, 1945.**

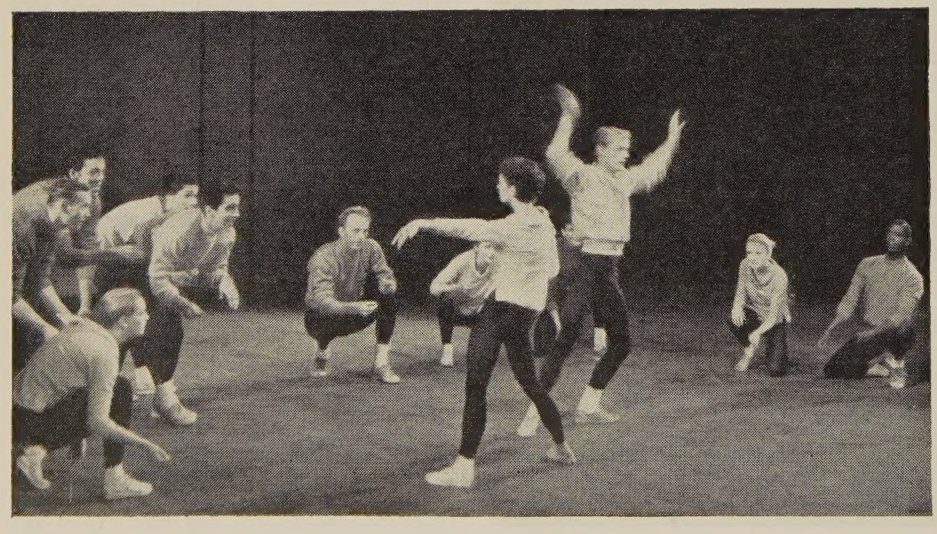
BERYL TOWBIN JOAN VAN ORDEN
ERIN MARTIN JAMES MOORE
GWEN LEWIS JOHN MANDIA

ALTHOUGH announced as a "World Première", this plotless *divertissement* had its origins in an experimental work called *Musical Chairs*, first tried out at Ted



NEW YORK EXPORT — OPUS JAZZ : *The company in Jerome Robbins' creation to Robert Prince music and showing Ben Shahn's décor. Photo : Wanda Gawronska.*

BASEBALL INFLUENCE (above) : Dancers in the central "Theme and Variations" ensemble from Robbins' New York Export — Opus Jazz. *Below, Erin Martin and Tom Abbott are in the centre of a group from another movement in the ballet.*
Photos : Wanda Gawronska.



Shawn's Jacob's Pillow dance festival in 1945. It was promptly dressed up as *Commedia Balletica* and first produced by the Ballets Russes at Monte Carlo. In its latest revision, which was still being altered at even its third or fourth performance, Bolender has substituted four girls and two men for the original two girls and three men, adding some extra episodes to make it now about 18 minutes of dancing.

It is an unpretentious, party-like affair, as if a group of dancers had got together to entertain themselves as much as anyone. Dressed in practice costume of various colours, with added headbands and oddly dressy earrings for the girls, they assemble with only five chairs for six dancers. At the end of each ensemble, duet or solo, much play is made with grabbing the chairs, each dancer to a different seat from the time before and always leaving one out in the cold who starts the next episode.

The choreography is firmly and inoffensively rooted in classical style, with occasional rough edges that sometimes made the dancers appear like stilted marionettes. One effective *pas de six* was marred by clumsy-looking lifts turning into somersaults. Mock-courtly bows between partners suggested a token acknowledgment to the 17th-century Pergolesi and other sources from which Stravinsky, more hard put to it than usual for melodic inspiration, derived his *Pulcinella* music. Much of the score was abominably played, especially by the woodwind. The dancing might be summed up as "good clean balletic fun", entertaining without being remarkable, and frequently failing in its humour to match the inherent wit and piquancy of Stravinsky's inspired harmony and orchestration.

It served as a palatable aperitif for the major novelty — the pompously-titled :

New York Export— Opus Jazz

Choreography, Jerome Robbins. Music, Robert Prince (Jazz Concert). **Décor, Ben Shahn. First given at the Spoleto Festival, June 1958.**

WILMA CURLEY	PATRICIA DUNN
GWEN LEWIS	ERIN MARTIN
BARBARA MILBERG	BERYL TOWBIN
JOAN VAN ORDEN	TOM ABBOTT
BOB BAKANIC	JOHN JONES
JOHN MANDIA	JAMES MOORE
JAY NORMAN	JAMES WHITE

SOME people have doubts whether jazz can ever be a suitable basis for stylised ballet. Personally I believe that it can, and one day I hope to see a choreographer of the calibre of Tudor or Balanchine, perhaps even Robbins now that he is approaching a similar mature artistry, bend his inspiration to a partnership with an outstanding group such as the Modern Jazz Quartet. Robbins has already experimented with jazz more than once, as in *Pied Piper* (to Copland's Clarinet Concerto) and *Interplay* (to Morton Gould's *Concertette*). Had he furnished himself this time with a jazz score of genuine quality instead of Robert Prince's blown-up *palais-de-danse* affair, his new ballet (in spite of its atavistic title) might have been an historic one.

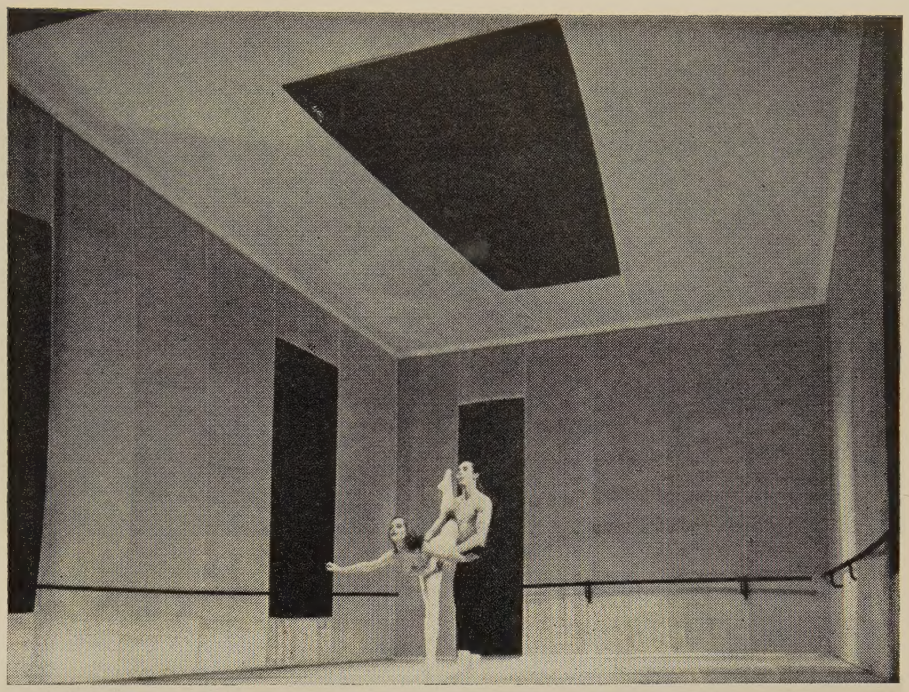
For in it Robbins has succeeded in conveying some of the *spirit* of jazz in ballet

form. Much of it unfortunately does not penetrate beyond the tiresome teen-age mentality of the "beat generation", with their skin-deep philosophy and rumps a-wiggle, who have perverted the essence of jazz to their own excuses for mental indolence. To this extent a better title for the work might have been "Opus Pop", but just occasionally I caught glimpses of an observant mind sensing and trying to reach something deeper than the brash emotionalism of jive movements glossed with a Broadway slickness of presentation.

Robbins divides the ballet into five episodes: three "group dances" for the full company separated by "Statics", an ensemble for five men and a girl, and a *pas de deux*. In these two interludes, and especially the duet (brilliantly danced by Wilma Curley and the Negro dancer John Jones), Robbins taps the true essence of jazz with its paradoxical mixture of suppliant despair and spiritual confidence. Against Ben Shahn's dramatic backdrop shrieking Admass slogans like NOW! HURRY! LOOK! BUY!, black boy and white girl, each absorbed in their thoughts, meet casually, accidentally, dance their innermost hopes and fears to each other against the slowest blues rhythm conceivable, and separate in opposite directions without a backward glance.

That episode, in its feeling and sensitivity, in its style and imagination, I rate a masterpiece of choreographic expression. None of the rest touches it, although there is an invigorating spirit in the danced-out relationships between the one girl and five men in "Statics", and ingeniously contrived movements in the final group dance, "Improvisations". Here a single dancer in turn is detached from the stationary *corps* to the music of a fugue, entering closely behind each other with each "voice" of the fugue in a manner recalling Balanchine, and moving imperceptibly into unison ensemble dancing as the fugue is worked out to a final climax.

Ben Shahn's *décor* — his first for ballet, I believe — strikingly captures and enhances the mood. He dressed the dancers in multi-coloured "sloppy-joe" sweaters over black tights, to which what looked like baseball knee-pads were added in the central "Theme and Variations" ensemble (one girl setting the dance-theme and the rest varying it in turn separately and by groups). Each movement was danced against a simple but evocative backdrop — the slogans, a roof-top chimney-piece, a modernistic fresco resembling stained glass. The orchestra, augmented by extra saxophones and a jazz-drummer, struggled gamely with the unfamiliar idiom, but the mediocre score inhibited the potent vocabulary of jazz that Robbins enterprisingly tried to harness without being lurid, sordid or vulgar about it. A fine sight it made when excerpts were given, following scenes from Verdi's opera *Macbeth,* at a free open-air *festa* in Spoleto's market square for the slightly bewildered but appreciative local populace!



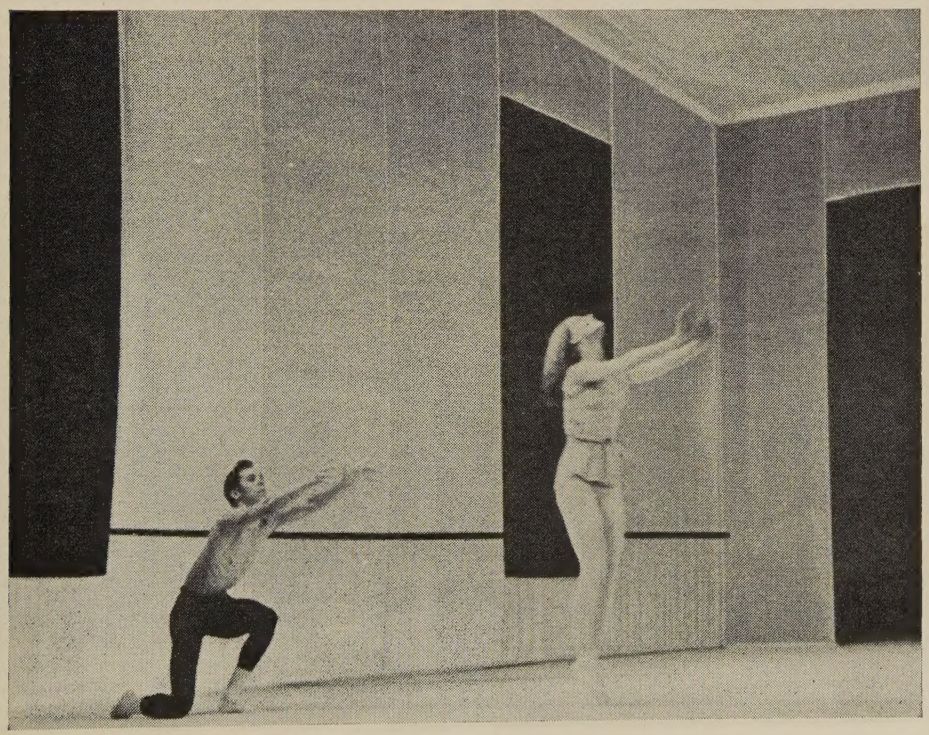
AFTERNOON OF A FAUN: *This and the picture below show Wilma Curley and Jay Norman in Robbins' modern version of* Prélude à L'Après-midi d'un Faune. *The setting of a contemporary dance studio is designed and lit by Jean Rosenthal.*

In the theatre, a brilliant contrast to the jazz ballet was provided by:

The Afternoon of a Faun

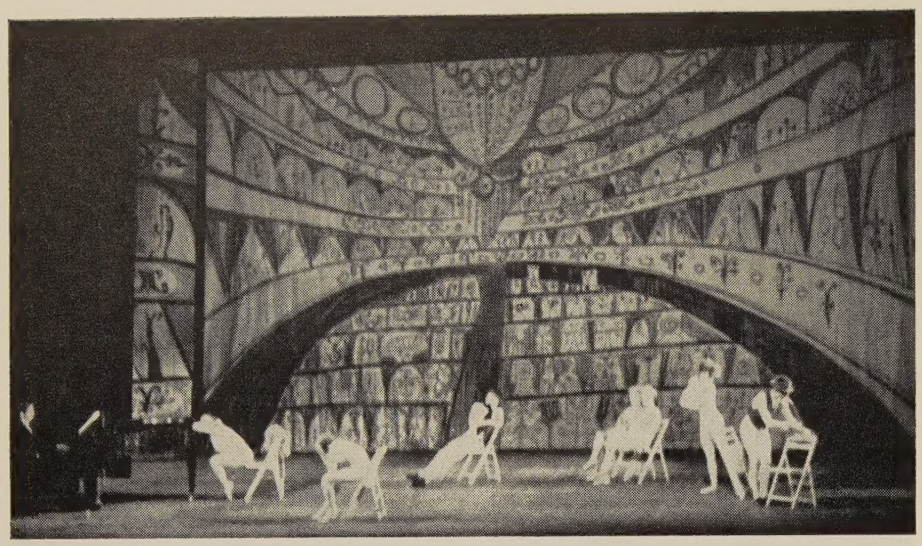
Choreography, Jerome Robbins. Music, Debussy (Prélude à L'Après-midi d'un Faune). **Set and Lighting, Jean Rosenthal. Costumes, Irene Sharaff. First produced by the New York City Ballet, 1954.**

JAY NORMAN WILMA CURLEY

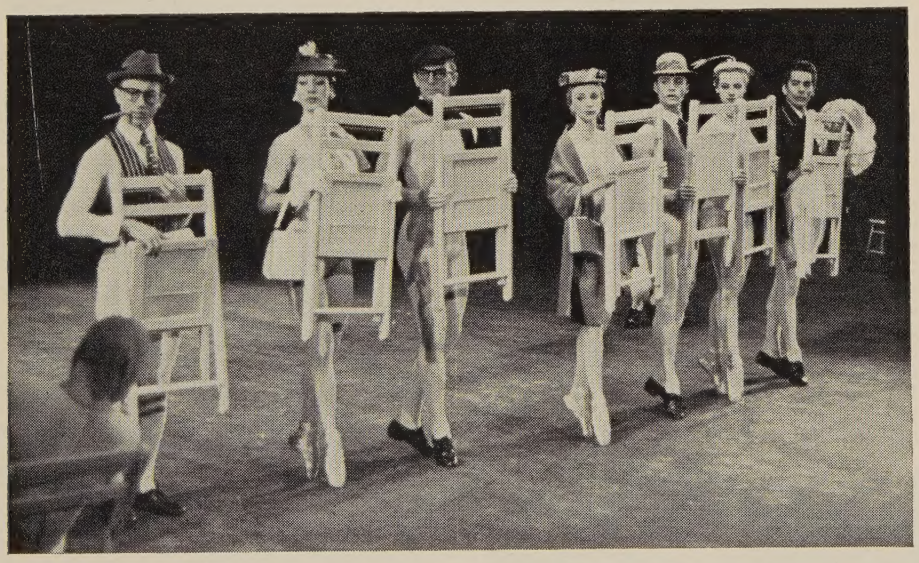


ON the other side of Robbins's bold, gleamingly extrovert coin is a more serious and intense vein of imagination, wonderfully concentrated yet developed in this short ballet. Those better acquainted than I with his previous works have described Robbins's novel version of the Faun's reverie as his finest lyrical achievement, and I would not dispute it. It seems to me to distil the poetic spirit of Debussy-Mallarmé while adding a new raptness of his own. Robbins ignores Nijinsky and Bakst completely, setting it in a plain rectangular dance-studio with its *barre* and, in a startling stroke of theatre, suggesting that the proscenium arch is a mirror for the dancers.

The man rouses himself from a languid daydream to practice a few *enchaînements,* absorbed in the contemplation of his bodily line and mobility as it might be in the imaginary mirror. A girl enters, practises by herself in a similar manner, then casually joins the man to rehearse a *pas de deux.* At the climax he steals a quick kiss and the girl runs away, leaving him to resume his reverie alone. We are not told the meaning of the sudden hint of emotion in the otherwise almost clinical atmosphere of the dance-studio, but it does not matter. A mood has been caught like thistledown cupped in the hand, its delicate fragility suspended for



THE CONCERT : *The Pianist (Ivan Davis, left) plays Chopin music while the concert-goers start to get lost in the music. The décor was designed by Saul Steinberg.*
Photo : Wanda Gawronska.



CONCERT-GOERS ARRIVE : The various types arriving for the concert are played by, from left to right, Todd Bolender, Gwen Lewis, James White, Beryl Towbin, James Moore, Wilma Curley and John Mandia. Below, Barbara Milberg and Todd Bolender become involved in a Ruritanian "Military" Polonaise. Photos : Wanda Gawronska.

a moment in time, then blown away. The sensitive style and intelligence displayed by Norman and Curley beautifully evoked its poetry.

The memory it left to treasure was not even submerged in the broad hilarity of :

The Concert

Choreography, Jerome Robbins. Music, Chopin (12 piano pieces). Décor, Saul Steinberg. Costumes, Irene Sharaff. Revised version of ballet first given by the New York City Ballet, March 6, 1956.

PATRICIA DUNN BARBARA MILBERG
TODD BOLENDER TOM ABBOTT
GWEN LEWIS JAMES MOORE

Corps de Ballet
Pianist : IVAN DAVIS

ROBBINS might with some justice have called this *A Night at the Concert.* The spirit of Groucho Marx leers wickedly over it, and Britain's celebrated radio Goons would have recognised a fellow-feeling. While the pianist on-stage plays Chopin, as if at a recital, the dancers first assemble in a comic parody of all the intolerable nuisances and stock characters to be found among concert-goers (noisy latecomers, swooning fans, intent culture-vultures, bored husbands and the like). Gradually they "lose themselves in the music" to the extent of interpreting the pieces visually with ever-increasing madness. The "Military" Polonaise, for instance, becomes a Ruritanian soldier parade for the men, the "Raindrop" Prélude (Op. 28, No. 15), an intricate procession with umbrellas, weaving amusing patterns as they open and close, leading up to the "Butterfly" Etude (Op. 25, No. 9) wherein the dancers sprout wings and flutter inconsequentially until the exasperated pianist bangs his piano shut and chases them away with the roll of music.

Mingled with this are ingenious burlesques of dancers who miss their steps and fluff turns (as in a *Sylphides*-like parody for six girls), and good-natured satire at the foibles of artists and their public. Maybe its natural home would be a sophisticated revue, but its zany humour was quite irresistible and I found it one of the few deliberately comic ballets that rounded-off a programme without being an anti-climax.

Among the dancers Todd Bolender was richly effective as a cigar-champing Philistine who gets "carried away" more madly than anyone, and Patricia Dunn, a Korean-born dancer, was hysterically funny in the deadpan humour of a woman who knows what she likes, to hell with everybody else and heaven-help-the-pianist-if-she-doesn't-get-it.

No doubt restricted by the numbers available, Robbins had slightly curtailed the choreography from his original production, and it was given new *décor* with a smudgy, rather pointless backdrop by Saul Steinberg suggesting a concert-hall in perspective. Black drapes, as used later in the sequence, were all that were necessary for the hilarious charade to make its point and so complete a programme that showed the balletic share of the Festival of Two Worlds, at least, in healthy and vigorous form. The venture has made a brave start, and it should be capable of adding an attractive new centre to the festival calendar if the musical aspect is given more thought, care and enterprise. But that, as they say, is another story.

THE PARK BY NIGHT : If you stand with your back to the stage in the Park of Nervi this is what you will see. Photo : Cresta.

Ligurian Rhapsody

In the Park of Nervi, near Genoa and on the shores of the Ligurian Sea, the fourth International Festival of Dance was held from July 1 to 13.

by PETER WILLIAMS

THERE are many ways of going to Italy, but certainly one of the most glamorous is with Maria Menenghini Callas. This stormy petrel of the opera, and probably one of the greatest stars of our time, was returning to Milan after her triumphant Covent Garden visit. In a turquoise straw turban with eye-shadow to match she found it hard to sit demurely in her seat for long and was soon prowling about the plane, moving like the tigress she has so often been called, talking to the passengers. Leaving her somewhere on the road between Malpensa Airport and Milan being held up by three noisy Italian gentlemen in a car, my taxi driver turned to me and said, "That is our Maria". Which proved that she may have rows with all the great Italian opera houses but, whatever happens, to the real Italians she is still a queen.

All of which seemed to me, with my Celtic eye always on the watch for signs and portents, to be an auspicious start on the road to the 4th International Ballet Festival of Nervi. However, a Celtic gloom started to descend upon me as the train approached Genoa because the mountains were shrouded in fog and the sea seemed turbulent. At Nervi, there was a crisis because the Royal Ballet group's costumes, sent from London ten days previously, had never turned up and were held up on the Franco-Italian frontier at Modane. In addition to the general confusion before any opening night, the members of the Royal Ballet had been stitching and improvising costumes all day.

Homage to Two Masters

In an atmosphere of climatic and costumic uncertainty, the opening programme of the festival — Grand Divertissement Cecchetti-Bournonville — got under way. The wooden "curtains" parted on forty "Petits Rats", from Lifar's University of the Dance in Paris, awakening in groups to the Rose Adagio music from Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty*. This was followed by a talk by Serge Lifar on Maestro Enrico Cecchetti. Interesting though it was to have this memoir from Cecchetti's last great pupil it made a rather static opening to a programme of dance especially as it went on far too long for some of the Italian audience, who openly expressed their feelings with cries of "basta". It is not easy to give a programme in homage to a man whose main importance to the history of ballet is that he was a great teacher. The

REHEARSAL FOR A SIREN : Left, Alfred Rodrigues rehearsing Svetlana Beriosova and David Blair in the pas de deux *from his* Ile des Sirènes *on the rocks of Nervi. Right, Liane Dayde and Peter Van Dijk rehearsing the* Bluebird pas de deux *against the setting which, in the picture above, is shown at night. Photos : Lido.*

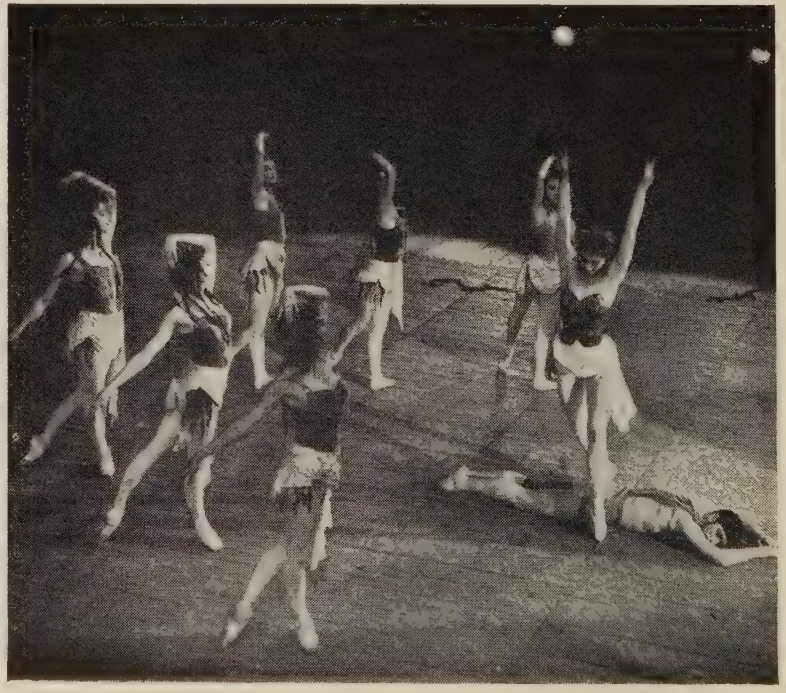
ALMOST HOME: Henning Kronstam and Kirsten Simone in a part of the Pas de Six *from Bournonville's* Napoli *on the quay of the Port of Nervi. This setting is not far removed from the ballet's original locality, which is, of course, Naples. Photo: Lido.*

greatest "homage" that can be paid is if the dancers, who ultimately benefited from his teaching, acquit themselves in a manner worthy of the occasion. The fact that in this programme we saw some really magnificent dancing was of course, though indirectly, due to the wonderful foundation that Cecchetti laid in London and Italy during the first third of this century.

It was Auguste Bournonville who formed the link with the French school of Vestris and the Russian school in St. Petersburg, and it was the work of Bournonville which was shown by a group of Royal Danish dancers at Nervi. In excerpts from *The King's Volunteers on Amager, Far from Denmark, Flower Festival at Genzano, The Toreador, La Sylphide* and *Napoli,* the Danes conquered yet a new audience with the perfection of their own particular style. Each and every one of them showed the immaculate *batterie* and the prodigious elevation for which their school is justly famous. It always comes as a pleasant shock, in a world of ballet so intent on showing circus-like technical feats, to be reminded again of the sweetness and style that were the hallmark of ballet during the last century. Inge Sand, who formed this group of ten dancers, is to be congratulated on the way in which she has preserved and instilled into her dancers the beauty of the pure Bournonville school. All of the numbers were very well given, but quite outstanding was the selection of dances from the second act of *La Sylphide,* danced by Kirsten Simone and Henning Kronstam. Simone's youth and delicacy made her a very plausible Sylphide even if, at the moment, she lacks the mature style of a Margrethe Schanne or a Markova. She was charming in this act's many touching moments. Since I last saw him, Kronstam has developed into one of the outstanding male dancers of our time. Always possessing a noble presence, he once tended to be rather soft on the stage. Today his personality and his technique have hardened and he uses his height to its best possible advantage and covers the stage in a way I have seen from very few of our contemporary male dancers. His breadth of movement and his ease are a joy to watch. I don't know who was responsible for this arrangement of the principal dances from *La Sylphide* but so well were they strung together that somehow one never missed the *corps de ballet* and it was the perfect work to give in an alfresco setting.

Some beautifully neat and stylish dancing also came from Kirsten Ralov in *The Flowers Festival at Genzano pas de deux,* in which she was partnered by Fredbjorn Bjornsson. As most people know, this *pas de deux* was interpolated in Lander's version of *Napoli* for Festival Ballet, but in the original version there are more variations. It is possibly one of the best showpieces for displaying the Bournonville school and it is certainly one of the best things that Kirsten Ralov does. Bjornsson was dancing a little below his usual most admirable best and, strangely for him because he is one of the most musical dancers, was sometimes off the beat. Later in the programme the whole Danish group gave a fine performance of the *Pas de Six* and *Tarantella* from

PERFORMANCE: Left: Stanley Williams, Inge Sand, Kirsten Simone, Kirsten Ralov and Ruth Andersen in the Napoli Pas de Six. *Right: Svetlana Beriosova and David Blair with members of the Royal Ballet in* Ile des Sirènes. *Both pictures were taken during the actual performance. Photos: Lido.*



the last act of *Napoli.*

Alfred Rodrigues originally created his *Ile des Sirènes* for a Fonteyn-Helpmann concert tour and it still makes a very good ballerina-piece for a programme of this kind. His use of Debussy is not always too happy and in the final movement it almost insults the music, particularly when the sirens use bits of seaweed to whip the unfortunate shipwrecked sailor. But its main purpose is to give a ballerina and her partner a slight narrative work which will display them to their best possible advantage and the rôle of the chief siren suited Beriosova to perfection. The certain frigidity which has worried me about her recent work was just what was needed here. She was magnificent as the creature who lures sailors on to the rocks and provokes them into making love only to send them to a rather sticky fate. Hers was a full-blooded performance and her beautiful line, the grandeur of her movements and her wonderful high Russian *arabesques* were thrilling and would not have looked in any way meagre in the Bolshoi company. She was well partnered by David Blair, but possibly owing to the dominance of Beriosova, his solo was not so spectacular as it used to be. The balance of the ballet has become a little deranged with the new eminence of the ballet's female protagonist. A *corps de ballet* of Royal Ballet soloists as attendant sirens made a worthy setting for the two principals.

But if Beriosova was regally frigid in the Rodrigues ballet, she produced a warm glow for his version of the divertissement from the last act of *The Nutcracker.* I cannot remember seeing any ballerina better in the *pas de deux* and Sugar Plum variation in any of the countless times I have seen them danced since the war. Here she combined the aristocracy of a Diaghilev dancer with the freedom of movement we usually associate with Russian dancers of our time. Whether she would dance in this way with the Royal Ballet at home I just don't know, because it is rather far removed from what is so often called "the English school", but it would be a tragedy if this natural development was curtailed in any way because her whole physique cries out for the freedom of the grand sweep, the generous and fluid arm and leg movements. Beriosova is the only person since Irina Baronova used to dance the Sugar Plum variation in the de Basil *Aurora's Wedding* who has given me any of the thrill that Ivanov obviously intended to give his audience in this solo. Blair again partnered manfully, but his exuberance and vitality are getting the better of his sense of style. Vitality is a quality which British male dancing, since Dolin was at his height, has badly needed. That several Royal Ballet dancers now have it is highly gratifying, but after dancers have acquired it they should be trained to give it a certain amount of breeding.

The remainder of this divertissement was of uneven quality, and some of what Rodrigues originally did for the full-length work at La Scala is better than the Russian version — some less good. Pirmin Trecu danced the Spanish *pas de deux* with Julia Farron and he used castanets and effectively danced what looked like a ballet version of a classical Spanish Bolero. On the opening night Margaret Hill danced the *Arabe* solo in an improvised costume which looked mighty like a petticoat and which caused Lifar to go round afterwards saying to everyone, "Mon dieu! Le costume pour *L'Arabe*— quelle scandale!" Actually only someone with Hill's instinctive sense of artistry could have got away with it — and she did. The Chinese dance for Annette Page, Ronald Hynd and Desmond Doyle was not quite so "Titipoo" as some of these Chinese evocations usually are and it was competently danced by all three. Brenda Taylor and William Wilson roused the not overdemonstrative Milanese to a pitch of excitement with the Trepak. But far and away the most distinguished dancing, apart from the two principals, came from Shirley Graham and Antoinette Sibley in a *Mirletons pas de deux.* Very well arranged by Rodrigues, both dancers showed a lovely sense of line and musicality as well as presenting a charming stage appearance. Their neat and immaculate technique were in the best traditions of British ballet.

THE DEATH OF DESDEMONA : Willy Dirtl, as Othello, and Christl Zimmerl, as Desdemona, in Erika Hanka's The Moor of Venice. *This was the opening ballet given by the Vienna State Opera Ballet for their Nervi season. Photo : Lido.*

Where, you may well ask, was Cecchetti in all this? Well, the only work directly connected with the great Italian maestro came with the *Bluebird pas de deux* given by Liane Daydé and Peter Van Dijk. Cecchetti created the male rôle in St. Petersburg and at one performance he slipped in the *coda,* stopped the orchestra and executed a perfect triple *tour en l'air* without music and finished on one knee. This was reproduced by Van Dijk at the exact place in the *coda.* On the opening night Lifar, in his speech, referred to this incident, but at subsequent performances, without the speech, the whole thing became a little pointless. Daydé was very fluttery — a little hummingbird — but I thought that she had acquired a grander manner, possibly due to her contact with the ballet in Russia. Her back is much straighter and she does not poke her head forward so much or drop her shoulders. She is undoubtedly a most brilliant technician. As the male Bluebird, Van Dijk was a little disappointing. He seems to have thickened, which is not a good thing in a classical dancer. He still has a beautiful quality, rather reminiscent of Babilée, in his variation; his *plié* is soft and easy, but I missed the quality I used to admire so much in his work. Let us hope that this is only a temporary decline.

The whole performance ended with a Grand Defilé of all the dancers, each group being introduced by the "Petits Rats" in uneasy formations. Fireflies flickered overhead and a huge waterfall made a backcloth worthy of the Le Nôtre garden of King Florestan XXIV. A magical end to an evening of really distinguished dancing upon which neither Bournonville nor Cecchetti would have had much cause to frown.

It is only at festivals of this kind that so many international dancers can be brought together — both professionally and socially. At the end, both the British and Danish groups told me that one of the most enjoyable features of the whole festival had been that they had got to know each other so well. The benefits of these meetings need therefore not be enlarged upon by me.

Vienna comes south

Two days later the State Opera Ballet of Vienna gave two performances. The shining light of this company for many years was Erika Hanka, who was responsible for most of the contemporary choreography; the classical side of the company is in the hands of our own Gordon Hamilton. Hanka unfortunately died a few weeks ago, otherwise she would have come to Nervi to direct the two programmes, which consisted mainly of her works. But respect for her great contribution to ballet in Vienna cannot blind me in my judgment of the creations I saw in Nervi. With one most notable exception they appeared to me undistinguished and banal, and this fact was not disguised by the elaborately expensive, and sometimes beautiful, designs of Georges Wakhevitch, who was responsible for all the works shown. This notable exception was Hanka's version of Béla Bartók's *The Miraculous Mandarin,* given in the second of the two programmes.

It is a strange and unpleasant story this tale of a prostitute who uses a gang of

toughs to rob those she entices to her room. It is unbalanced by the fact that the mandarin does not appear until two-thirds of the ballet are over. The sadism of his robbing, beating-up, knifing and hanging, only to die when he finally awakens love in the prostitute, is horribly uncomfortable to watch. Yet it remains, possibly owing to Bartók's magnificent score, a very powerful work when it is well done. Many choreographers have had a go at it, some successfully. But the only version known in Britain, created by Rodrigues for the Royal Ballet two years ago, was an unfortunate muddle. Hanka has used a small cast with no extraneous characters such as cluttered up the Rodrigues version, and the impact of the work is therefore far greater. It becomes an intimate Certificate X ballet to which children should not be admitted — I saw one mother having great difficulty in explaining it all away to her enquiring small son.

With the exception of the three attendant toughs (played by Karl Musil, Herbert Nitsch and Paul Vondrak), Hanka has created the rôles with great economy and clarity. She has used her "expressionism" to underline the nature of each character. The aforesaid toughs were too undisciplined and too sketchily conceived and never became a part of the choreographic pattern. In the central rôle of the Prostitute, Dietlinde Klemisch was hard and powerful — a veritable Thamar of our time. Her eventual softening and the awakening of her love for the Mandarin were subtly managed and became completely plausible. But, as Bartók obviously intended, the ballet is finally dominated by the Mandarin, and in this rôle Willy Dirtl was infinitely moving. Somehow he managed to convey all the gentle dignity and the tenacity of his race. Just how good an artist he is was made apparent by his varied characterisations in other ballets.

Wakhevitch's setting, only part of which was shown at Nervi, seemed far more effective than what he did for Covent Garden, but this may have been because we only saw the bedroom. It was easier to focus on the ballet without the rather busy wings and backcloth which cluttered our production.

But the clarity with which Erika Hanka put over the *Miraculous Mandarin* story was absent in her realisation of *The Moor of Venice*, which opened the first of the two performances given by the Vienna company. After having seen another ballet version of *Othello* in Paris a few months ago, I wrote that I wondered why anyone should think this Shakespeare play could be a suitable ballet subject — I still wonder. Really it is most confusing and little emerges until the final scene when Othello strangles Desdemona.

Hanka has given the work an ABA construction. Starting with Othello looking at the lifeless form of Desdemona, the ballet then moves back to their first meeting and ends where it began. An attempt is made to give the narrative more clarity with the introduction, from time to time, of a group of people intended to express the changing mood of the work; they only succeed in confusing the issue even further. It made me realise how masterly was Helpmann's realisation of *Hamlet* when it was first given, and in many ways the construction was similar.

The 62 minutes of the Hanka work, presumably dictated by the length of Boris Blacher's score, seemed an endless swirl of dancers. From time to time the mist cleared to reveal the three principal characters — the Othello of Willy Dirtl, the Desdemona of Christl Zimmerl and the Iago of Richard Adama. The playing of all three gave the ballet the only distinction it managed to achieve. Again Dirtl showed the remarkable intelligence of his characterisation by seeing the Moor as a noble and confused creature whose jealousy is ignited by the machinations of Iago. Desdemona has little to do other than look young, innocent and trusting; all this was achieved by Zimmerl. But the most striking performance came from Richard Adama, an American dancer who used to be with the de Cuevas company. He made Iago a real full-blooded villain weaving his nasty thread of deceit and lies through the ballet's entire length. Several

HOTEL SACHER : *The* corps de ballet *in a scene from the work based on Vienna's famous hotel. Below, Richard Adama, as an Attaché, and Edeltraud Brexner, as a famous diva, in a* pas de deux *from the same ballet.* *Photos : Lido.*

FIREWORKS : A beautiful firework display enlivened one of the scenes in Hanka's Hôtel Sacher *given by the Vienna company.* *Photo : Lido.*

THE MIRACULOUS MANDARIN : *The most distinguished work given by the Vienna State Opera Ballet was Erika Hanka's version of Béla Bartók's* The Miraculous Mandarin. *Left, Dietlinde Klemisch, as the Prostitute, and Willy Dirtl, as the Mandarin, in a* pas de deux. *Right, the Toughs, played by Karl Musil, Herbert Nitsch and Paul Vondrak, unsuccessfully attempt to hang the Mandarin.* *Photos : Lido.*

years in Vienna have given Adama a new assurance and his natural American exuberance mixed with the European aptitude for characterisation have developed him into a fine artist.

The Boris Blacher score was strident and hard. It is of the contemporary Berlin school, which I personally don't greatly admire — though I may come around to it with closer acquaintance — though this has nothing to do with its undoubted merit.

Wakhevitch had achieved a massive central tower for a set which revolved to reveal different scenes. The costumes were apt if not particularly distinguished, though it is impossible to make a fair criticism of the designing without seeing the costumes against the whole set as it is given at the Vienna Opera.

In both programmes, Erika Hanka's last creation — *Hôtel Sacher* — was given. It contained every cliché known to gay old Vienna. It concerned the goings-on at the famous hotel owned by cigar-smoking Frau Sacher, who was a friend of most of Europe's crowned heads at the beginning of this century. The first mistake in this ballet was that Frau Sacher was seen smoking a cigarette in a long holder. After this first glimpse of her receiving guests and inspecting a posse of the inevitable Viennese maids, she vanished from the story, such as it was. For almost an hour we tried to muster interest in a tangle of those silly little flirtations and damp whoopsee which were supposed to be typical of the city washed by the far-from-blue Danube.

The Attaché of a Minister (Adama) attempts to seduce a famous singer, Delia Stella (Edeltraud Brexner), but is frustrated by the appearance of her sister, Pepi Swobado (Lucia Brauer). Concurrently, the head waiter (Willy Dirtl) picks up a poor little violet seller (Erika Zlocha) called, believe it or not, Mitzi. There are endless misunderstandings but in the end, the Attaché gets the singer, the Minister gets the singer's sister, and the head waiter gets the violet seller — it's one of *those* stories. I was fascinated by a character in the programme called "Lady Manchester", but I never found out which one she was.

Massine once said all there was to say about the gaiety of old Vienna and how beautifully he said it in *Le Beau Danube!* Since then the bubbles have gone out of the champagne and not even the most distinguished dancing in the world can put them back. Hanka's choreography is mainly derivative and, in the main, elementary, and I did not feel that the froth and whipped-cream school was her forte; she was far happier with mordant drama. The high-spot of the work was a very classical *pas de deux* for Edeltraud Brexner and Adama which they gave with spectacular verve. In fact this display of technical fireworks was only equalled in the ballet by another firework display — this time real ones. At a moment when the various characters became involved in some rather lifeless proceedings in a fun fair, the Ligurian sky suddenly burst into a mass of coloured stars and the audience burst into applause.

The dancers had done their best to bring some sparkle to this tedious work but its extreme length proved too much for them. However, Adama gave the Attaché rôle with great gusto, Willy Dirtl made the head waiter into a real operetta character and played it all with lively humour, while Edeltraud Brexner's opera singer had some of the style and sparkle of Danilova.

Wakhevitch created a permanent set of typical Viennese trellis and curlicues and the many changes of scene were admirably contrived by winding round various canvas insets. Many of the gimmicks — such as a parade of fiacres and a carrousel — were reminiscent of the Chauve Souris. It was all too elaborate for such a slender trifle. The music of Josef Hellmesberger and Max Schönherr was a long way after Strauss.

The only classical work to be shown was the *Black Swan pas de deux* given by Edeltraud Brexner and Adama, but neither dancer was really technically strong enough to warrant its inclusion. Both programmes ended with the entire company drifting around to Johann Strauss's *Roses of the South,* presumably in "homage" to the Waltz King and the spirit of old Vienna. It was like one of those numbers we used to be shown on the stages of cinemas before the big film came on and frankly it did justice to no one.

The Vienna company is large and has a *corps de ballet* which shows more enthusiasm than style and discipline, though without having seen them in a major classic it is not easy to pass final judgment. On the male side it appears to be exceptionally strong; on the female side, less so. There are one or two dancers with obvious ballerina quality but a few years may have to pass before they finally attain international status. Good material there is in plenty and it is possible that the classical ballet master, Gordon Hamilton, will be able to develop the company on the lines it should go. If what we saw in Nervi is typical of the company's contemporary repertoire, I would say that it's time it was dusted over a bit, though I shall always be grateful for the *Miraculous Mandarin* performance.

Interlude in celluloid

The Viennese left to dance at another festival in Bregenz — the Danes and the British had already left to continue their interrupted holidays — and for three days the babble of foreign tongues was hardly heard in Nervi. Summer had really settled in — the waves vanished and by day the good Genoese fished from the rocks or boats, by night they went to see three programmes of international films which a generous administration offers free for all.

Most of the films shown have been seen in England, but the most notable exceptions were two CELIA productions of Maurice Béjart works—*Symphonie pour un Homme Seul* and *L'Etranger.* Béjart's style lends

VIOLENCE AND GRACE: Left, male members of London's Festival Ballet in one of the lively dances from Jack Carter's The Witch Boy, *given on the opening night of the company's Nervi season. Right, John Gilpin in a remarkable* arabesque *from his solo in Dolin's* Variations for Four. *Photos: Roy Round.*

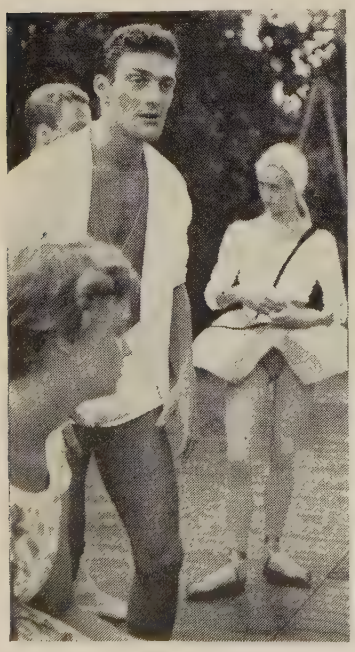
itself admirably to the cinema — its compactness and force lose little in the translation. *Symphonie pour un Homme Seul* makes admirable use of *musique concrète* and of the exciting qualities of Michele Seigneuret and Béjart himself. *L'Etranger,* by having a brightly-lit setting, lost some of the atmosphere I remarked upon when I saw the work in Paris. Without the feeling of its characters living in sultry shadow, while the outside world is in bright sunlight, some of the point goes. However, the admirable use of Villa-Lobos guitar themes and the playing of Tania Bari and Antonio Cano still made the work pungent enough. The colour in both films was excellent.

The main body of this film festival came from Soviet Russia — *Swan Lake* (with Ulanova and Dudinskaya), *The Fountain of Bakhtchissarai, The Flames of Paris* and *Laurencia.* None of which amounts to any great contribution to the art of the cinema, though it will always be an education to renew acquaintance with such great dancing — even if the banality of some of the themes is incredible.

Exoticism came from an admirable Kabuki film from Japan, a film demonstrating the *mudras* of Barata Natyam from India and a short but welcome fragment of the dancers of Bali in Paris. America was not represented at all and Britain's only contribution was a palid little offering from Stereograms Productions about Scottish dancing. But on the whole these programmes make a most valuable addition to the whole festival and with the years they could be developed to become of greater international importance.

One day, I was returning to the Hotel Vittoria when I heard a voice coming from the shade of a giant Magnolia tree — "In Israel, we have beeg success with public — fantastic success." The voice could only belong to one person — Julian Braunsweg. Like John the Baptist, he had come ahead as forerunner of London's Festival Ballet. Celluloid interlude was over and flesh and blood were about to return.

PADDY STONE REHEARSES: Left, Paddy Stone looks anxious during a rehearsal of his Octetto, *the special creation for the festival. Right, Gilpin and Anita Landa rehearse the Tango* pas de deux *from the second movement of the same ballet.*
Photos: Roy Round.



Scorched-looking they were, these Festival Ballet dancers when they arrived two days later. Their months of touring Southern Europe and the Middle East had given them a look of Katherine Dunham's company. In fact, singer Harry Belafonte and his wife Julie (previously a dancer in Dunham's company), who arrived for a holiday in Nervi at about the same time, looked pale beside them.

South Bank in Liguria

There is really a limit to which dancers should go in sun-worship, because an all-Negro cast appeared in *Les Sylphides* on the opening night. In every other respect this was one of the most beautiful-looking performances of the Fokine work that I have ever seen. Benn Toff had worked hard at transforming the stage so that the leafy wings and "backcloth" seemed to merge with the surrounding foliage of the park. The lighting gave a beautiful lithograph quality to the whole work and somehow the Sylphs seemed to materialise and dematerialise in a magical way. This atmosphere must have inspired the dancers, because there was no comparison between these performances and one I saw in London, at Festival Hall, a few days later. At all three performances, Krassovska and Briansky danced the principal rôles. Some years ago, Fokine greatly admired Krassovska in his work, and if he could have seen what I saw in Nervi, he would have been enraptured. Her *Prélude* had all the nostalgia which moonlight brings and in the *pas de deux* she brought many touches which make the Sylph an elusive creature who lives a life apart from the Poet who is partnering her. I don't think I have seen Krassovska dance better for years. Briansky, who, in spite of his Romantic looks, has not the real feeling of the poet seeking inspiration from moonlit sylphs, and he was not dancing at his best, probably owing to the fact that he had not completely recovered from his foot injury. But it was nice to see him dancing again, and his presence gives Festival Ballet a more adult look.

Without Flemming Flindt, who is now making a good recovery from his unfortunate knee injury, the onus of Dolin's *Variations for Four* falls on Gilpin. The other three — Godfrey, Hogan and Prokovsky — are most effective embellishments

RELAXATION : Dancers at ease at the Hôtel Vittoria in Nervi. Left : Beriosova, Peter Van Dijk, Liane Daydé, David Blair and Julia Farron photographed by Lido. Right : John Gilpin, Mrs. Belafonte (formerly Julie Robinson of Dunham's company), Harry Belafonte, Nathalie Krassovska and Anton Dolin photographed by Roy Round.

and form a worthy frame for this undoubtedly great male star. Gilpin has now perfected his variation, in which he has to do all that the human body is capable of and more, and the result is staggering. The ease and looseness of his every movement and the simplicity with which he finishes the most complicated *pas* — "it's a mere nothing" — add up to possibly the finest passage of male dancing to be seen in our time. Even the undemonstrative Italians burst into "bravos". The work has now settled down to an admirable male showpiece.

This Gilpin performance, followed by his Witch Boy in Jack Carter's ballet, made an interesting contrast in the different facets of a star. As *Witch Boy* has recently been well-covered in this magazine, I will only say here that what I saw in Nervi amounted to a much more mature perforcanme than the ones I saw in Paris. The programme ended with Lichine's *Graduation Ball,* and compared to the *Hôtel Sacher,* from the Vienna company, it appeared to be a masterpiece of old Viennese evocation. In actual fact its high spirits get more pronounced and its style gets less and less.

In the second programme, Paddy Stone's *Octetto* had its first performance. The work falls into seven movements and has costumes by Jack Notman. The cast of eight consists of Anita Landa, John Gilpin, Estella Nova, Louis Godfrey, Jeannette Minty, Keith Beckett, Selina Wylie and Jeffrey Kovel.

A few years ago, Stone created a similar work for his native Royal Winnipeg Ballet, and the new work was based on that, though much had been altered, added to and brought into line with the more experienced dancers of Festival Ballet. The company, having had such a great success with Michael Charnley's *Symphony for Fun,* needed a new work in a modern light vein, and this seemed to be the answer.

The music, based on various Latin-American rhythms — the *Beguine, Tango, Waltz, Cha-cha-cha, Fandango, Rumba* and *Samba* — has been orchestrated by Arthur Wilkinson. Paddy Stone has used the steps of the classical vocabulary combined with the rhythm and mood of the music. It is a work without theme or emotional complication — just vibrant dance which mounts in speed and excitement with the music.

Owing to the difficulties of rehearsing on tour, these performances really amounted to a glorified dress-rehearsal. This does not mean to say that it was danced in a slipshod way, far from it, but that at last having seen it in performance Stone may change the construction a bit before London sees this lively work. I thought it a mistake to have the Tango *pas de deux* for Landa and Gilpin so early in the ballet — it came second. A little re-arrangement all through would be a help.

Stone has been away from ballet for so long, working in musicals, films and TV, that I felt he has got a bit carried away by the fact that he was working in ballet again and he used to excess a number of ballet tricks — lifts and fish-dives particularly. On the other hand, he has a very slick sense of movement which is most exhilarating to watch. Of course it brings a feeling of revue or a film dance sequence, but personally I can see absolutely nothing wrong in having a few works of this kind in any repertoire. They are very good for the dancers because they bring a new horizon and the public enjoy them.

It is not always easy when a dancer-choreographer has a very personal style because, unless trained in that particular school, other dancers often fall short of what the choreographer intends. The eight dancers all gave what they could to Stone's work, but I still felt at the Nervi performances that they needed more final polish. If ballets of this kind are not 100% slick all through, then the point rather vanishes. Without any question the peak of the ballet is Gilpin's *Cha-cha-cha* solo, which is gay and very different to anything else he does today, though, in an odd way, it somehow reminded me of what he once did as the Rabbit-Catcher in Howard's *Sailor's Return.* He looks as though he enjoys doing it and manages to infect all the other dancers in the ballet with the same feeling.

Jack Notman's costumes are mainly white with bright coloured stripes and tights and have revue-like elegance, though I would rather withhold criticism of them until I see them against the setting for which they were designed.

Altogether, Stone has created a high-spirited work which is completely unpretentious and achieves what it sets out to do — mainly to provide a light work for displaying dancers in various rhythms. The Italian audience went wild about it and at both performances it had more curtain-calls than any other work given during the festival.

Another work, new to me, was a *pas de deux — Poème* — with choreography by Paul Goubé and danced by Krassovska and Jean-Pierre Alban to some Jean-Michel Damase music. Krassovska danced really beautifully and she was well-partnered by Alban, but it was a dreadfully undistinguished piece of choreography and quite pointless. The Damase music was originally written for a narrative ballet which Dolin was to have choreographed, but tailored down to meet the requirements of an abstract *pas de deux* it became quite formless. Nothing was helped by two hideous costumes.

After these three Festival Ballet performances, which broke the Nervi box-office record, the company flew back to London for their Festival Hall season — and the Nervi Festival finished.

It had been a festival of wonderful dancing and I doubt whether any other festival in the world has been able to provide so many real stars from different countries in such a short space of time and in such delightful surroundings. Praise cannot be high enough for Mario Porcile, who, as artistic secretary, has tenaciously battled across Europe to get the dancers he wants and then to present them with such taste. During the four years of his association with the festival, he has built it up to become the foremost European international dance festival. But Genoa now should do everything in its power to attract an international audience, and the first step in this direction will be for its public relations department to keep in closer and constant touch with the outside world and to revise all its methods of receiving the local and international press. There is not the slightest reason why the whole dance world should not consider an annual pilgrimage to Nervi to be one of the most important dates in the ballet year; what is more they could combine it with a wonderful relaxed holiday in and around the Ligurian Sea.

Britain's First Male Star

by JOHN PERCIVAL

EARLY PARTNERSHIP: Dolin with Katrina Lawler.

ANTON DOLIN wrote his first autobiography at the age of 26. By no means a short volume, it records not only his experiences as a star of the Diaghilev Ballet but many other ventures, including a spell as director of his own company. That was nearly thirty years ago, and he is still one of the stars of British ballet.

Like Ninette de Valois, Dolin is Irish. Like her, he has used the lessons he learnt from Diaghilev and his *entourage* in an attempt to build up a British ballet. There the similarity ends. Nothing could be further removed from de Valois' dogged persistence and sternly pursued long-term policies than Dolin's restless and impetuous energy, repeated fresh starts and adroit opportunism. "Most of the things in my life," he wrote, "have been done on the spur of the moment." That he has so often succeeded is due both to his own flair and to the strength of the tradition he absorbed as a boy.

Dolin's ballet career really began in 1921 when the seventeen-year-old boy was selected as one of the extra dancers engaged by Diaghilev in London for his revival of *The Sleeping Princess*. Dolin, until then known by his real name of Patrick Healey-Kay, was re-christened Patrickieff by Diaghilev for the occasion. He had already acted and danced in plays, films and musical comedy, and had studied ballet first under Grace Cone and then with Serafine Astafieva. He was a rather flamboyant young man with a pretty high opinion of himself, but not so conceited that he failed to be impressed by the superior artistic and technical standards of the Russian dancers. At the end of the season, instead of trying to remain in Diaghilev's *corps de ballet*, he stayed behind in London and worked harder than ever.

For his teacher Astafieva, who also taught Markova and later Fonteyn, Dolin has always been full of praise. He continued to work with her, and also took lessons from Nicholas Legat. During this time he made his first attempts at choreography, the earliest of all being *Hymn to the Sun*, a rather static solo which had none the less a kind of yearning sincerity. It was for a concert at which he danced this that he first adopted his present stage name.

After two years he was ready. Astafieva arranged for Diaghilev to watch him dance and he was accepted into the company as a fully-fledged member. Diaghilev wanted a new principal dancer, and the young man had a handsome physique, strong technique and obvious charm. To the chagrin of some other members of the company, Dolin was soon learning his first leading rôle, which he danced on January 1, 1924. This was Daphnis in a short-lived revival of Fokine's *Daphnis and Chloë*.

Dolin's greatest success among the many classical parts he danced at that period was in the *Bluebird pas de deux*. Apart from this, his most sensational performances were given in two of the new ballets. In *Les Fâcheux*, a solo was created for him to dance *sur les pointes*. This was allegedly intended to show the mannered and affected nature of the dandy he was portraying. Not surprisingly, opinions on the suitability of the experiment varied widely. W. A. Propert, in his memoir of the company, asserted that "only Dolin saved the ballet from complete insignificance", but Grigorieff in his more recent history comments tartly that "the public, not unnaturally, regarded this merely as a 'stunt'."

What no one disputed was the skill with which Dolin carried off his unusual task. He says himself that to dance on his toes has always come naturally to him, and Boris Kochno, the author of the ballet, records that Dolin "showed much grace and poetic feeling" in his solo.

In *Le Train Bleu*, Dolin had another rôle equally unconventional. The ballet was, in fact, inspired by his facility for certain acrobatic tricks which he used to practice at every opportunity. Set on a fashionable beach, it used movements based on beach games, swimming, golf and tennis to depict the life of the Riviera. Against this background, Dolin as the hero, Beau Gosse, leapt and bounded through a rôle which no one else has ever danced.

He jumped from a spring-board; he landed from a height on his knees; he stood on his hands, turned a cartwheel, and was swung round by one leg and arm. There were back-bends and back falls — all the high-spirited athleticism of a boy on a beach, heightened in its effect by clever stagecraft and made both more striking and more dangerous by being performed on a stage instead of yielding sands. The slightest miscalculation might have meant a serious injury; Dolin's legs and feet were in any case cut and bruised; but his dare-devil tricks were fired by an ecstatic enthusiasm.

In spite of his great success — perhaps to some extent because of it — Dolin stayed only two years with Diaghilev's company. He had been irritated by the cumulative effect of a few incidents small enough in themselves.

There was at that time simply no other ballet company for him to join, but there was plenty of scope for dancing in recitals, revues, cabarets and variety programmes. Among other engagements, Dolin partnered Phyllis Bedells in a number of small ballets, did an apache number with Ninette de Valois and danced *Le Spectre de la Rose* with Karsavina.

Then he formed his first ballet company, with Vera Nemchinova as ballerina and an English *corps de ballet*. They mounted *Swan Lake*, which the two stars had danced together for Diaghilev, who had them coached in their rôles by Mathilde Kchessinska and Pierre Vladimiroff, both from the Maryinsky Theatre. Dolin also produced some new ballets, the most successful being *The Nightingale and the Rose* and *Rhapsody in Blue*. The company danced in England, France, Holland, Germany and Italy, the zenith of their success being reached in a three-week season of ballet at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in Paris.

During all this time, Dolin had felt an intermittent desire to return to Diaghilev's company. It seemed unlikely that the Nemchinova-Dolin ballet could continue permanently, so he decided to accept an offered contract to rejoin the Russians for what proved to be their last year. His new rôles included the Moor in *Petrushka* and the American sailor in Massine's *Les Matelots*, the latter a welcome chance to try his hand at comedy. In the *Bluebird pas de deux* he had a new partner: Alicia Markova.

He also created parts in two new ballets

AS L'ELEGANT in Les Facheux.

by Balanchine. *The Prodigal Son* was very much Lifar's ballet, dominated by his intense performance in the title rôle, and Dolin played only one of the travelling companions. In *Le Bal,* however, Dolin had the more important part of the Officer, very sleek in his striking white and black uniform.

The death of Diaghilev in 1929 left Dolin where he had been before, dancing again in revues, but the next few years saw the great ferment from which was brewed British ballet as we know it now. In this Dolin played a big part, and the prestige which his name lent to many occasions and enterprises was an important factor in their success. He danced often for the Camargo Society, being cast as Albrecht to Spessiva's Giselle in addition to appearing in major new works by Ashton and de Valois. He also appeared frequently at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells with the Vic-Wells Ballet.

His rôles at this time included not only the classics but several of the repertory works. Ashton used his talents as the Lord of Burleigh in the ballet of that name and as Vertumnus in *Pomona.* De Valois made two comedy parts for him, Georgy Porgy in *Nursery Suite* and the Cook's Man in *Douanes,* and also built round him the very different rôle of Satan in *Job.* Oddly enough, this last is one of the only two rôles created for Dolin then to survive to the present day, the other being his celebrated *Bolero,* which had its first performance at Sadler's Wells in December 1932.

Dolin never became, like Markova, a full member of the Wells company, despite his many appearances as guest artist. All his life he seems to have been subjected to a kind of two-way pull : on the one hand the desire for the support which an artist receives from a strong company, on the other a pioneering urge to break new ground on his own. A similar double urge, pulling him in opposite directions, may be seen at work in his dancing, and I shall give reasons later for believing that both his best qualities and his faults spring directly from this. For the moment, however, we need only note the effect on his career. There is a pattern to be seen in it, but it is a pattern in which each theme seems to be given up in favour of another, only to reappear later in an altered form.

Thus in the mid-thirties we again see Dolin heading his own British ballet company, although a very different company from the Nemchinova-Dolin Ballet of the 'twenties or the Festival Ballet of recent years.

It was in 1935 that Mrs. Laura Henderson (owner of the Windmill Theatre) offered to provide the financial backing for a ballet company to tour England. There were some negotiations for the Vic-Wells company to undertake this, but instead the Markova-Dolin Ballet was founded. In retrospect it is easy to see how much more good this did. For two years a large-scale company of English dancers toured the country headed by two famous stars and presenting a repertory of popular works designed, in Dolin's own words, to prove that ballet was not "above the head of the ordinary man and woman".

In spite of its popular success, the Markova-Dolin Ballet was eventually compelled to disband for financial reasons. Dolin now joined Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe, with which he had formerly appeared as guest artist. They toured Australia and New Zealand and returned to dance at Covent Garden in the summer of 1939.

When war broke out, Dolin was under contract to return for a further tour of Australia. He travelled via the United States, and here he was released from his contract and joined instead Ballet Theatre, then just forming. He mounted for them his own productions of *Giselle, Swan Lake* and *Princess Aurora* — the latter a selection of dances from *The Sleeping Beauty,* including some choices different from those in the more usual *Aurora's Wedding.* Dolin also created some new ballets for the company, only one of which, *The Pas de Quatre,* has survived.

With Ballet Theatre, Dolin danced what must have been some of the most interesting rôles of his career. It is difficult to imagine him as Frantz in *Coppélia,* which he danced with Irina Baronova, but how much one would give to have seen him in the title part of Fokine's *Bluebeard* — by all accounts one of the most outrageously funny interpretations ever seen in a ballet.

Lichine exploited his facility for point work in *The Fair at Sorochinsk,* in which Dolin as Red Coat (the Devil) was given Cossack-style dances on his toes. Dolin also created, among other parts, the leading rôles in *Tally-Ho!* and *Aleko,* both of which have been seen here with other dancers.

AS LE BEAU GOSSE in Le Train Bleu.

As usual, Dolin's restless spirit drove him to find time also for other ventures. He and Markova appeared in a revue, *The Seven Lively Arts,* for which Stravinsky wrote *Scènes de Ballet.* (Characteristically, Dolin also appeared in a spoken comedy scene in this show.) With Markova and a small group he later toured North and Central America and the Philippines, and the two stars also appeared as guest artists with de Basil's company in their final New York season.

There has sometimes been criticism of Dolin for spending the war years in America. We should remember that he was already over the age to be called up for military service. His one talent was for the theatre, and he undoubtedly did much for British prestige in America through his dancing there. Moreover, my guess is that if he had been in England during the war, subjected to the physical, social and artistic conditions of the time, he would not have survived, as a dancer, into the post-war scene, which would have been British ballet's loss.

In 1948, Markova and Dolin returned to England. Dolin was already well over forty, and at least one American critic had declared that he was "not technically a classic dancer any more". He had packed into his career a far more varied experience and a greater share of success than most dancers achieve. His guest appearances at Covent Garden that summer might well have been a swan song. In fact they were merely the prelude to what has proved the most sustained and perhaps the most valuable enterprise of his whole career.

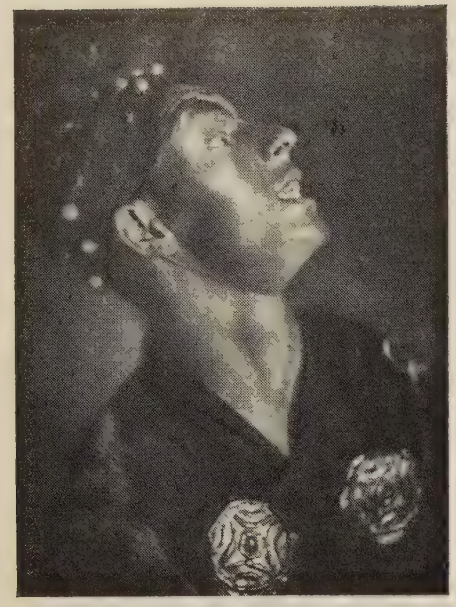
End of part one

WITH OLGA SPESSIVA in Giselle *for the Camargo Society.*

Ballet Perspectives: 7

Prince Igor (Part 1)

by CLIVE BARNES



ADOLPH BOLM who created the rôle of the Leading Polovtsian Warrior in Fokine's Prince Igor. *Photo : Hoppé.*

THE puzzle about Alexander Borodin — research chemist by profession, musician by inclination — was how he ever found time for composing. The usual conception of him dashing feverishly between the steaming vials of his laboratory and the quieter pleasures of his musical manuscripts offers a picture of a man with little time for creative endeavour, and his early death — when he not altogether unexpectedly dropped dead at a party at the age of 53 — presumably further reduced his comparatively small output. Although this included two symphonies, three string quartets and various songs and piano music, the opera, *Prince Igor,* his masterpiece—and the work for which he is now generally remembered — was left uncompleted at his death, and had to be completed by Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov.

The opera was ready for production at the Maryinsky Theatre in 1890, soon after the first production of the Petipa/Tchaikovsky ballet *The Sleeping Beauty.* It may well have been the effort he put into this latter production that caused the 68-year-old Petipa to hand over the ballet sequence in *Prince Igor* to the assistant ballet master Lev Ivanov. Ivanov, who had been appointed second ballet master to the Maryinsky five years previously, is undoubtedly an under-rated figure in ballet history. Although it seems unreasonable to support completely those commentators who have seen in Ivanov an under-privileged genius held back by the machinations of a "mediocre" Petipa, there was clearly in the younger Russian choreographer a growing power and sense of the potential possibilities in ballet and choreography which Petipa, with all his brilliance, never fully understood.

The dancers appear in the second act of the opera — which was, incidentally, orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakov. Prince Igor and his son Vladimir are held prisoner by the Khan Kontchak, leader of the Polovtsky hordes which Igor has sought to destroy. The Polovtsky Dances are an entertainment devised by the nobly savage Khan as a diversion for his captives. Although it is a point I have yet to see expressed in any history of opera, the barbaric and splendid music Borodin provided for this dance sequence marked a complete break-away from the type of ballet music previously found in opera, unless we are to make an exception of the energetic high-jinks found in Wagner's Venusburg. One can well imagine how Ivanov felt on first hearing the music if one draws a contemporary and by no means far-fetched parallel, with Agnes de Mille and her choreography for *Oklahoma!* The situations were almost remarkably alike. On the one hand you have a Russian choreographer working in Russia, yet in a ballet-world still dominated by French influence, on an opera filled with Russian nationalism, the dances of which are to bear a quite new dramatic relationship with the libretto ; while on the other you have an American choreographer, an *emigré* Russian-dominated ballet scene, American nationalism, and a musical with a quite new slant on dramatic dance.

If Petipa has been responsible for taking some of the credit due to Ivanov, so, quite unconsciously, has that great ballet reformer Michel Fokine. While no one could reasonably detract from Fokine's achievements in cleansing out the Augean stables of ballet tradition it should at the same time be remembered that his reforms were probably only the culmination of a movement in ballet that started with Ivanov and continued with Fokine's contemporary, Alexander Gorsky. One can see the reforming element clearly enough in the *corps de ballet* dances and *pas de deux* in Ivanov's "white acts" for *Swan Lake,* and signs are scarcely less evident in Ivanov's earlier work for *Prince Igor.*

Credit for the emancipation of the male dancer from his ignoble rôle as a mere *porteur* is by custom accorded first to Enrico Cecchetti for introducing the Italian school of Carlo Blasis into the training of Russian male dancers, and secondly to Fokine for giving this splendid new generation choreography to dance. Yet the *Prince Igor* dances of Ivanov, produced the year Cecchetti came to St. Petersburg and was enrolled on the staff of the theatre, and the year after the young Fokine had entered the Maryinsky School, showed in no uncertain manner that the old French school of Bournonville and Johansson was still capable of producing male dancers, and that even as early as 1890 Russia had a choreographer willing to exploit them when the occasion offered. Anyone seeing the Ivanov choreography today would probably be struck by its lack of elemental dynamism, yet the work still had considerable vigour and vitality. In fact, although its choreography was rather more conventional than that devised by Fokine, there is between the two considerable kinship and even similarity.

I am not sure how long the Ivanov dances held the stage in the Russian production of *Prince Igor,* but of course the Ivanov version never became current in the West. It was, however, produced by Mona Inglesby's International Ballet, the first performance being at the Alhambra Theatre, Glasgow, on May 19, 1941. The costumes were by Korovin, and the décor was by Hein Heckroth. Ivanov's choreography had been reproduced from Stepanov notation by Nicolai Sergueeff, régisseur of the Maryinsky Theatre from 1904-1917. The chief Polovtsian warrior was originally danced by Harold Turner, the rôle subsequently being taken by Rovi Pavinoff and Errol Addison among others. This revival did not form a very important part of International Ballet's repertory, although it was given fairly frequently during the early years of the company's existence. The last performance took place, so far as I am aware, during 1948, and since then this most curious historical survival has been seen no more.

Yet when we speak of *Prince Igor* we do not recall the forgotten Ivanov, but mean the Fokine version of the ballet, which was the first ever Diaghilev production, and the most popular of all that company's presentations. Of the five ballets produced during Diaghilev's first combined season of Russian opera and ballet at the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris, in 1909, it was only these Polovtsian Dances that were entirely new, the rest of the repertory being made up of three refurbished Fokine revivals with new names, and a Russian Salad *divertissement.* The popularity of the new ballet admits no equal in the Diaghilev repertory — not even *Les Sylphides.* Borodin once wrote to a friend: "*Igor* being fundamentally a national opera, can hardly interest anybody other than us Russians." While to an extent he has perhaps been proved right — for the opera itself has secured only a tentative foothold upon the international stage — the composer would probably have been amazed at the widespread popularity achieved by the ballet sequence. During all of the Diaghilev company's twenty London seasons, *Prince Igor* was only absent from the special season at Alhambra Theatre in 1921 which was exclusively devoted to the revival of *The Sleeping Princess;* it was the only one of Diaghilev's repertory to achieve such a record. Even by December 24, 1919, at the conclusion of the first of the company's two decades of existence, *Prince Igor* celebrated its 500th performance. Later this work became one of the staple items in the repertories of all the emigré Ballets Russes — De Basil's, Blum's, Uncle Tom Cobbley's.

It will be remembered that Diaghilev's 1909 Paris season was partly opera and partly ballet. Already, the year before, Diaghilev had produced *Boris Godounov* with Chaliapin, and the original plans for the new season included a revival of this work, together with the first Western performances of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Ivan the Terrible,* Glinka's *Ruslan and Ludmilla,* Serov's *Judith* and Borodin's *Prince Igor.* There was also to be one ballet evening, consisting of *Les Sylphides, Le Pavillon d'Armide* and *Cléopâtre.* The official backing Diaghilev expected to receive for this venture was withdrawn, and Diaghilev had to proceed with his plans on a far more modest scale than that originally envisaged. It was decided to give only one opera in full, *Ivan the Terrible; Boris* was dropped

altogether as being *déjà vu,* and *Judith* was similarly abandoned, both the Glinka and Borodin operas were to be represented by one act apiece, and both were to be given together with two ballets, thus making three complete programmes in all. Diaghilev settled on the second act of *Prince Igor* for the season, and consequently commissioned Fokine to mount the ballet sequence on the full company of dancers. Therefore while *Prince Igor* can with justice be claimed as the first of the original ballets, it must be remembered that in its first form it was given as part of the opera.

Rehearsals for the Paris season were intended to take place in the Hermitage Court Theatre, but the unlucky loss of influence that had already cost Diaghilev his financial backing now led to him also losing this privilege—but not before the first rehearsals had been called and the artists arrived to find the door closed to them. Diaghilev immediately found new premises in the German Club on the Ekaterinski Canal, and it was in this theatre that the Diaghilev Ballet was eventually born. The assembled company travelled from the Hermitage to the Ekaterinski in cabs, clutching their baggage to them. At this first rehearsal the *régisseur* Serge Grigoriev introduced every member of the company to the impresario, and Diaghilev made a short speech. After all the delays Fokine started on the rehearsal, which was given over to the preliminary planning of *Prince Igor.* The date was April 2, 1909—less than six weeks before the Paris opening.

Legend has it that Fokine completed *Prince Igor* in eight rehearsals, and as he was a fast worker this may well have been so. Grigoriev's account of the rehearsal in his memoirs of the company (*Diaghilev Ballet 1909-1929)* lends colour to the legend: "The composition of the Polovtsian Dances went ahead rapidly. Fokine invented the steps with great speed; the dancers rehearsed with enthusiasm and their execution was excellent. When the whole had been mapped out and danced right through, the entire company, as well as the members of the committee, were in ecstasy. They surrounded Fokine and gave him a great ovation." It seems, however, that not all the members of Diaghilev's "committee" were exactly in ecstasy during the course of the rehearsals. Many commentators, notably Cyril Beaumont and Prince Peter Lieven, have recorded that some of the collaborators, including Alexandre Benois and the old *balletomane* General Basobrasov entertained the gravest doubts about the manner in which Fokine was undertaking the work. All, however, was right on the night.

The new ballet was cast for an *ensemble* of forty-six dancers, together with three principals, Adolph Bolm (Leading Polovtsian Warrior), Sophia Fedorova (Young Polovtsian Girl), and Helen Smirnova (Oriental Slave). Although the ballet was rehearsed in St. Petersburg, Grigoriev makes it clear that Fedorova, who was from the Moscow Ballet and not a Maryinsky dancer, did not join the company until it had reached Paris. It would be interesting to know, therefore, who it was Fokine used to mount her rôle during rehearsals. In any event the incident shows the absolute truth in Fokine's frequently made asseveration that he—unlike the majority of his colleagues—never created a rôle for any particular dancer.

Diaghilev commissioned Nicholas Roehrich, a painter specializing in ethnology, to design the setting and costumes for *Prince Igor.* The panorama of smoking camp fires and igloo-shaped huts evoked a picture of the Russian steppes and the primitive nomadic tribes that could hardly be equalled. It was, incidentally, Roehrich's success with this work that led to him being commissioned to design the later "primitive" ballet *Le Sacre du Printemps.* When Roehrich came to design his polovtsian costumes he ran against considerable difficulty. As Prince Peter Lieven points out in his book *The Birth of the Ballets-Russes:* "There are no extant relics of the Polovtzi; nothing is known even of the extraction of this fighting nomadic tribe. But Rörich was not a specialist in primitive cultures for nothing. He produced costumes for Polovtzi which were a combination of the Yakut and Kirghiz costumes, and the result was both colourful and convincing." Far removed from this picture of resourceful scholarship is the account given by Benois in his *Reminiscences of the Russian Ballet;* "The costumes for which Diaghilev had despoiled all the Eastern shops in St. Petersburg were most successful and amazed Paris by the vividness of their colours." It is difficult to say which of these two accounts is correct, although there is something in the commonplace detail of the Benois which has the buzz of truth about it. At the same time, reading between the lines, one can detect a certain faint hostility between Benois and Roehrich, and it may be that Benois, normally the fairest of men, was exaggerating slightly on the basis of either the purchase of certain *materials* for the execution of the designs, or alternatively the "bulk buying" of a few of the simpler *ensemble* costumes, say, those for the Oriental Slaves.

The first performance of the ballet—given of course, as part of the second act of the opera—came on the première of the Diaghilev Ballet in Paris on May 19, 1909. The dances quite overshadowed the opera, indeed their savage barbarism dominated the entire season, despite the great personal success of Vaslav Nijinsky. Beaumont, speaking of *Igor* in his monograph *Michel Fokine and his Ballets,* says: "After its first performance it was greeted with a veritable tempest of spontaneous applause which seemed never-ending. There were no less than six curtain calls." Their success was such that a film company offered to make a film of the company, and, according to Lieven, a day was fixed and a field was found just outside Paris that could serve to represent the Russian steppes. Unfortunately, at the last moment, the whole project collapsed through lack of funds, and this first, and surely most valuable, ballet film was never made.

When the ballet was originally produced in London, this time not a part of the opera, the reception differed somewhat from the Parisian reaction. The first performance took place on June 21, 1911, and Diaghilev has left a rather amusing account of the occasion in an article written in 1926 called *Les Quinze Ans,* which is quoted by Serge Lifar in his biography *Serge Diaghilev:* "The evening ... proved an immense success, though during the last ballet *The Prince Igor Dances,* half the public went home. At least a hundred old ladies, covered with diamonds as though they were ikons, went out and past me, with a look of disgust on their faces. The business manager came running up, crying: 'You've spoilt your magnificent opening by this barbarian horror at the end—it isn't dancing—it's just savages prancing about.' The press was of the same opinion!" In this last claim Diaghilev was rather less than fair, for *The Times* wrote about *Prince Igor* with great warmth, and a far surer understanding of its real merits than any of the Parisian critics seemed to have shown two years earlier. Yet it does seem undeniable that London took more kindly to the company's sylphs and *commedia del le 'arte* figuriness than to the pagan hordes of Khan Kontchak. However, it did not take the ballet long to establish itself with even the be-diamonded ikons of society, and two years later we find the actress Ellen Terry writing, in her surprising book *The Russian Ballet:* "This *Prince Igor* ballet lasts only a few minutes, but in those minutes are crowded enough energy, excitement, lightning-swift successions of different movements, true healthy barbarity (not the barbarity of decadence), and splendid music to take away all words, all thoughts, but 'wonderful'!"

To be continued

ORIGINAL SETTING: The design by Nicholas Roehrich for Prince Igor *when it was first given in Paris in 1909.*

Jeanne d'Arc in Moscow

First performed at the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Theatre in Moscow, U.S.S.R., on December 29, 1957. Music by N. I. Peiko, liberetto by B. Pletnev, designs by V. F. Ryndin. Choreography and staging by B. P. Bourmeister.

Cast

Joan of Arc ..... VIOLETTA BOVT
E. E. VLASSOVA
Bertram, a shepherd ... V. E. TERENTYEV
Shepherds, Joan's friends ... I. A. ELENIN, A. G. KRUPENINA, A. S. TOLSKY, G. I. TRUIANOV, V. V. CHIGIREV, O. V. SHELKOV.
Charles III ..... U. N. KUZHNETSOV, A. M. SOBOL
Agnes Sorel, his mistress ..... E. V. KUZNETSOVA, G. V. SAVARINA
The Black Monk ..... A. I. LAZAREV, N. A. PHILIPPOV
The Archbishop of Rheims ..... V. K. PYATKOV
Santral, Defender of Orleans ..... K. S. BITELEV
French Commander L. I. KINZELOVSKY
Lionel, English Defender ... E. I. KUZMIN, M. E. LIEPA, A. V. CHICHINADZE
English Commander ..... A. A. KIEIN
Peasants, Oriental Dancers, ladies and cavaliers of the court, court jesters, French soldiers, French citizens.

Act I: The Siege of Orleans. Dom Remi.
Act II: At the Chignon Palace. To Orleans.
Act III: The Coronation of Charles the Dauphin. The Forest of Arden. The Burning.

THE story of Joan of Arc has been interpreted dozens of times by different playwrights, novelists and screen writers. And each has found in it some different comment on society. When I went to see the ballet in Moscow I was just as curious to see what the Soviets would make of the Joan story as to see the dancing. A strange emphasis, perhaps, but within the context of Socialist realist art the libretto of a ballet is considered of foremost importance.

It seemed to me that the Soviets had found themselves a very appropriate story on which to build a ballet containing Soviet ideas. A few themes appear constantly: the strength of the people in coming to the aid of the degenerate King and court; the horror of a foreign invasion, and of all war in general; the tyranny of the Church in controlling the King and betraying Joan to the English.

Joan is pictured as a national people's hero rather than as a saint, although she is portrayed as devoted to God. The Russian fondness for truly nationalistic heroes has been shown in movies like *Ivan the Terrible* and *Alexander Nevsky*. *Joan* is made into a "human" hero by a single fault: she has a weakness for the English commander. This added love interest also brings with it the implied moral that national interests are always more important than personal ones. Joan is wounded because of her womanly weakness. She betrays the cause of her country, and brings about her own downfall.

The attitude towards religion in this ballet seems to be chiefly historical. The Church was very powerful in the Middle Ages and people did believe in God. Joan's visions, however, are never made to appear in person in the ballet, and they do not play as important a part here as in most versions. This seems only natural since the theological disputes about her visions are hardly the ideal material for a ballet. The burning of Joan is seen as a purely political act.

STORY

Act I, Scene I : There is a battle between the French and English forces in front of the fort of Orleans. Lionel, the English Defender, kills Santral, the French Defender, and the French forces retreat, carrying Santral's corpse as in a funeral procession. The English enter the fort and raise their flag.

Act I, Scene II : Near the village of Dom Remi, Joan is playing by herself in a field. She rejoices in all the beautiful things of nature around her and kneels down from time to time in front of a statue of the Virgin and Child to pray. Other shepherds enter and play innocent tricks on each other. They dance around in a joyful pastoral fashion which contrasts with the preceding gloomy war scene. The procession of French troops passes through and Joan is horrified. She has a vision, represented by a glowing red light, and declares that she is determined to save defeated France. She rallies the other peasants round her and dedicates herself before God to fight for France.

Act II, Scene I : In the Chignon Palace the Dauphin and his court are trying to forget the war by wild parties and entertainments provided by Oriental dancers and jesters. In spite of the severe Black Monk, Charles pursues the seductive Agnes Sorel. Just as Charles and Agnes begin to make love the defeated French soldiers arrive with the corpse of Santral. The courtiers realise now that they cannot escape from the war, that they must do something. At this convenient point Joan and her peasant followers arrive outside the palace with a great commotion. The courtiers are afraid for their lives and rush to hide behind every available pillar. (There is a suggestion here of revolution, with the peasants marching on the palace.) Joan is announced and the Dauphin sets someone else up in his throne to fool her. She finds the true Dauphin and gains his permission to go with the armies to Orleans. Charles gives her Santral's sword.

Act II, Scene II : The people of France are inspired by Joan and rush to join the soldiers going to Orleans. Again a fight before Orleans, and this time the French win. The English banners come down. Joan has a private sword fight with the English leader, Lionel. She disarms him and knocks off his helmet. Held at sword point, Lionel discovers his enemy is a woman and begins to woo her. In spite of herself, Joan is softened towards him and puts by her sword long enough to listen to him. The drums sound. Joan looks away, and immediately Lionel steals off with the Black Monk, taking his helmet with him. Joan looks around. She has been tricked. She is angry with herself for neglecting her duty and so letting him escape. She is heartbroken because she wanted to believe he loved her. She is wounded by an arrow, but has recovered her soldier's heart. She encourages her men and finally climbs up the ramp of the fort and raises the French flag.

Act III, Scene I : Joan with the people gather in the square before Rheims Cathedral to wait for the Coronation. The Dauphin leads a procession of courtiers and clergy into the church where he is crowned by Joan. She rejoins the people out in the square, and when King Charles VII comes out presents him with the banner of the defeated English. No sooner is this business complete than the Black Monk appears before Joan and denounces her as a traitor. He shows Lionel's helmet as proof. Joan pleads with Charles to save her, but the Church, as it says in the programme résumé, will not allow it. In the name of God, the Church sends Joan away from Rheims. Joan cries, is surrounded by the shepherds, and leaves with them.

Act III, Scene II : Joan is in the forest of Arden with her friends. The Black Monk has told the English where to find her and they surround her. All her friends are killed, she is bound and falls unconscious. The soldiers are still afraid of the magic powers she is said to have and pass her limp body from one to another, afraid to hold on to her too long. Lionel sends away the soldiers, and alone with Joan, holds her unconscious body in his arms and pretends she is dancing with him. He unbinds her and offers to release her if she will go over to the English side. (This bit takes the place in the story of the traditional offer of life if Joan will renounce her visions.) Joan refuses and stabs Lionel, killing him. Again she is taken captive and King Charles enters to seal the bargain.

Act III, Scene III : The final tableau, in which there is no dancing at all, shows the burning of Joan. There is a row of soldiers in Rouen square, among them, the Black Monk. Far above, through the smoke and the flames, is Joan, silhouetted against the horizon and finally bathed in white light.

CHOREOGRAPHY

THE Joan of Arc story offers the choreographer the chance to introduce peasant folk-dances, which are almost a rule with any Soviet ballet, and also to take advantage of the degenerate glamour of the court. Many Soviet ballets are weighed down by their lengthy librettos, but Bourmeister (who is said to have had assistance from Ulanova) has found a way to present the story in balletic terms. Where it was not possible to have dancing he has used staged movement (processions, battles, games, etc.), rather as recitative is used in opera. It never became just a play with dancing, and what mime there was was short and clear.

I particularly admired the fight scenes for the way in which real fencing was mixed with ballet that symbolised fighting. The choreographer thus escaped the necessity of making the fighting look real, and was able to use the large cast to whip up a real excitement. The peasant dances were what one would expect — a combination of classical steps and traditional folk-dances — not at all original, but good and vigorous, and that's what was needed.

The court scenes were remarkable for the smooth handling of the 60 or 70 people on stage. The dances of the orientals, the jesters, and the court ladies and cavaliers, followed in quick succession, blending and sometimes overlapping. It was luxurious, and opulent. It was also overdone and decadent. Bourmeister got his point across here.

Still, Joan got the best of the choreography. The aggressive, determined, masculine side of her character was indicated by strong leaps and jumps, and other steps usually given to male dancers. At the times when she is most feminine (in the first act

dancing in the fields, in the second act when she is wooed by Lionel, and in the third act when she cries) her dances are full of graceful *arabesques* and swift *bourrées* that take her across the stage in indecisive wavering patterns.

DANCING

JOAN is a wonderful part for any ballerina. In a rôle that has always been a challenge to actresses, the dancer has an even more difficult task and needs all the training in Stanislavsky's method that she has had in ballet school. The choreography demands both fine *adagio* and *allegro* dancing. Joan develops from the first act where she appears as an innocent girl, very feminine, mischievous and charming, to a woman of great will-power and courage. She is sensitive to the horrors of war, yet a good soldier; she must also show that she can be touched by man's love, hurt by the rejection of the court, and yet retain her courage and loyalty.

The programme lists two ballerinas, Vlassova and Bovt, who regularly dance Joan, and notes that the casts are placed in alphabetical order, not according to who is a greater star. In the Soviet classification both dancers have attained the same rank—"honoured artist of the RSFSR". The night I was there, Vlassova was dancing Joan and Liepa, Lionel. Vlassova's technique is well suited to the part as she has wonderfully smooth *bourées* and dazzling *jetés*. She suggested both sides of Joan's personality quite clearly, and at all times made you feel that Joan was a human being. The only serious complaint I have of her portrayal is that she tended to use exaggerated melodramatic gestures to convey emotion. However, I feel that in time she will come to have a clearer idea of Joan's relationships to the other people on stage, and be able to express them more naturally.

The company of the Stanislavsky-Nemirovich-Danchenko Theatre is younger than the company of the Bolshoi which has first choice of dancers in the Soviet Union. It is, however, a vigorous company which makes up for small imperfections of style by the freshness and attack of its dancing. The ensemble work showed good discipline.

MUSIC

THE composer, Nikolai Ivanovitch Peiko, like the choreographer and the designer, is a Stalin prizewinner. He started his career writing orchestral chamber music and songs, and has moved on to music for plays, operas, a symphony and ballets. After one hearing, with the continuous distractions for the eye of such a ballet, there are only certain things I can say about the score. The most obvious is that, like so many Soviet ballet scores, this one has been composed with constant reference to the librettist and the choreographer. The mood, rhythm and timing are exactly suited to each part of action while allowing some scope for the choreographer. The influence of the composer's experience with chamber music can be seen in his use of themes (gloomy and harsh with doom sounding in the bass for war) and the close, full scoring for the orchestra. His experience with song-writing serves him well in the lyrical passages connected with Joan's feminine side.

DECOR

THE designer, Ryndin, is perhaps best known in the West for his much-publicised designs for Okhlopkov's *Hamlet* (described in *Plays and Players,* October, 1957). The designs for this are similar in that they underline the general conception of the story. In *Hamlet* he used two clanking prison doors divided into six cells to illustrate the idea of Denmark as a prison. Here he has used forbidding forts, and dark Gothic palaces with stained-glass windows echoing the theme of religious domination.

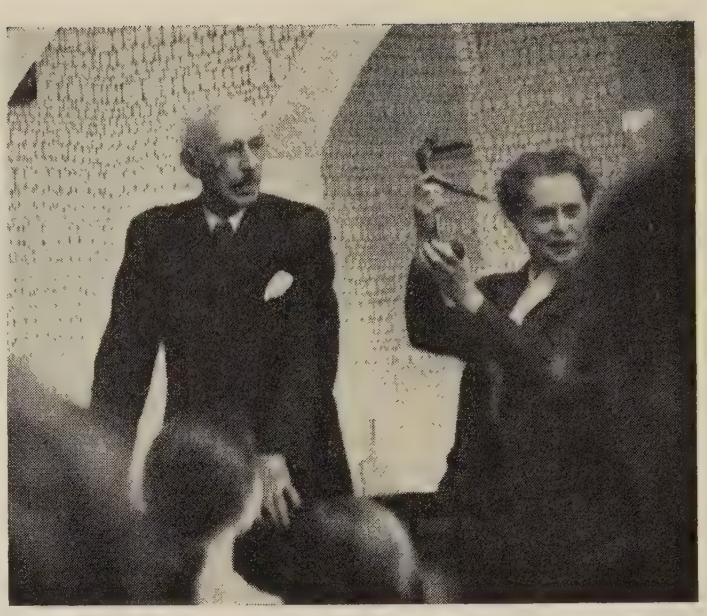
Earlier in his career Ryndin was responsible for many of the now ill-reputed constructivist settings used by Meyerhold. He has adapted his imagination since to more realistic sets, but he still shows a lot of ingenuity. In the *Joan* sets he has not resorted to the merely pretty or the pointlessly elaborate. Ryndin, by the way, has been chief designer at the Bolshoi since 1953.

To facilitate quick changes for the seven scenes, Ryndin has devised a production curtain made up of long war banners in groups of two and three which can be lifted in sections. By placing some action in front of this curtain Bourmeister was able to make each act continuous. Rheims Cathedral was the most elaborate set, with three church doors at the back of the stage, and a view through one of the side aisles of the church to an inside flooded with light.

The production was full of elaborate lighting effect, but again used to heighten the mood. During war scenes, projections of black smoke and red flames were projected over the whole stage. The final tableau, of course, is one pure scenic effect, with pieces of diaphanous red cloth billowing up around Joan like flames, and smoke clouding over everything except Joan's white figure at the top.

WENDY MICHENER

JOAN AND THE ENGLISH DEFENDER : Violetta Bovt, ballerina of the Stanislavsky Nemirovitch Danchenko Musical Theatre in Moscow, as Jeanne d'Arc in a pas de deux *with Kuzmin, who plays Lionel, the English Defender.*



DUAL CEREMONY: Between the matinée and evening performances of the Royal Ballet on the final day of their last season, two interesting ceremonies took place in the Green Room of the Royal Opera House. In the picture on the left, Frederick Ashton is seen cutting the Taglioni cake, an annual ceremony instituted last year by Cyril Beaumont, surrounded by Rowena Jackson, Dame Ninette de Valois, Philip Chatfield and Annette Page. After this, Philip Richardson, on behalf of the Pavlova Commemoration Committee, presented the Royal Ballet with a statuette of Anna Pavlova which Dame Ninette accepted on behalf of her company, in the picture on the right. Photos: Roy Round

curtain up!

Ballet Helps ballet

ONE of the worst disasters that can happen to any company, specially when it is touring far from home and in a foreign land, is the loss of a whole repertory of scenery and costumes. But this is what happened to American National Ballet Theatre during its European tour. The truck which was taking all their scenery and costumes to Switzerland caught on fire and everything was lost. In addition the company lost most of their personal effects.

Lucia Chase, the company's director, appealed to the world's major companies for help and it was immediately forthcoming. The British Royal Ballet sent a production of Fokine's *Les Sylphides* and some costumes from *Ballet Imperial,* Madame Rambert sent the musical score of *Giselle,* members of London's Festival Ballet sent as many costumes as they were able to spare from their current season at Festival Hall and the Royal Danish Ballet sent their production of *Graduation Ball.* In addition, Lucia Chase also got help from André Levasseur and the theatre in Monte Carlo. The one cheerful thing to emerge from this sorry tale is that again it has proved the solidarity of the whole kingdom of ballet when any of its inhabitants are faced with misfortune.

The only works from the European repertory to be saved were the scenery of *Giselle, Pillar of Fire,* and one of the sets from *Fancy Free,* which were all on their way back to the States.

Other major disasters of this kind in recent ballet history were when the Sadler's Wells Ballet lost everything during the invasion of Holland and when the Diaghilev Ballet had all the *Sleeping Princess* production ruined in transit.

PAVLOVA STATUETTE: Here in detail is the statuette presented to the Royal Ballet. Based on one of Pavlova's own sculptures of herself, it was copied in bronze and paid for by the Pavlova Committee out of part of the proceeds of the Midnight Gala held some two years ago to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the great ballerina's death. The statuette now stands in the foyer of the Opera House. Photo: Roy Round.

A Polish star returns

TO the present generation of ballet-goer, the name of Léon Woizikovski is little other than — a name. To those of us who remember him with the Diaghilev Ballet, the de Basil Ballet Russe and with his own company at the London Coliseum, he will always be one of the finest character dancers we ever saw. Unfortunately the present generation will still have no chance of seeing him dance while he is with London's Festival Ballet for their summer season. But they might get some idea of what he stood for when they see his revivals of two Fokine ballets — *Prince Igor* and *Petrushka.* He is re-mounting both these works for the company as well as giving daily classes. For many years now, Woizikovski has been Maître de Ballet at the Opera House in his native Warsaw. I find it most admirable the way in which Anton Dolin brings artists of the Diaghilev Ballet, even to the extent of bringing them through the Iron Curtain, to pass on their great art and knowledge to members of his company.

First British ballerina honoured

EVERY year the Royal Academy of Dancing gives its Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Award, first instituted by Dame Adeline Genée, to somebody who has rendered outstanding service to the art of ballet. Previous holders of the award have been Dame Ninette de Valois, Tamara Karsavina, Marie Rambert and Anton Dolin. At this year's ceremony, held for the first time in the Crush Bar at the Covent Garden Opera House, the award was given to Phyllis Bedells. This obviously popular nomination was no more than is due to one who as Britain's first ballerina, when she succeeded Lydia Kyasht at the Empire in 1914, has continued to devote her life to the art she has so nobly represented.

On that afternoon, July 18, the Crush Bar really lived up to its name, so cluttered was it with people sporting an incredible assortment of millinery. The largest hat I saw was on the head of Alicia Markova,

whose charming burnt straw and black velvet picture hat might well have been one of those she used in the country scene from *Camille*, in which she once played the title rôle. In complete contrast was Dame Margot Fonteyn, present president of the Academy, who wore the smallest pill-box ever. In her speech about the admirable work of the Royal Academy, she promised that there would be a special matinée given this winter to raise much-needed funds.

Stars for the Southern Cross

SINCE I last wrote about the Royal Ballet's forthcoming tour of Australia and New Zealand there have been some additions to the stars who will make the journey from the Royal Ballet at home. As you already know, Rowena Jackson and Philip Chatfield will remain with the company throughout the eight-month tour but they will be joined by Beriosova and Ashbridge for the season in Sydney from September 27 to October 221. When they come home, Linden and Blair go out for part of the Melbourne season from November 10 to December 13. Robert Helpmann, already in Australia, will appear with the company in Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne and Brisbane. Fonteyn and Somes have already danced in Australia, so they will not join the tour until the company is in New Zealand next year and will appear in Wellington from March 23 to 28 and in Christchurch from March 30 to April 4. Alexander Grant will dance in his native New Zealand throughout the company's tour there.

In this way, the Antipodes will get a chance of seeing all the Royal Ballet's ballerinas with the exception of Nadia Nerina. It seems an admirable way of both giving our ballerinas a change — incessant months in Bow Street can become frustrating — and of getting both parts of the Royal Ballet used to each other for the time when the final integration comes next year.

The complete repertoire for this tour is now the full-length *Le Lac des Cygnes, Coppélia* and *Les Sylphides*. The contemporary works are now: de Valois' *The Rake's Progress,* Ashton's *Façade,* Howard's *Veneziana,* Helpmann's *Hamlet,* Cranko's *Pineapple Poll,* Rodrigues' *Blood Wedding,* MacMillan's *The Burrow* and Wright's *A Blue Rose*. Originally the repertory only consisted of eleven ballets but *Les Sylphides* was added at the special request of Australia. The company will also be joined by Kenneth MacMillan, as assistant choreographer, and there is every possibility that he will be mounting an important new work out there.

Cheltenham makes good a loss

ANY effort to aid ballet made by our provincial towns and cities will always be applauded by me. Recently I heard that the people of Cheltenham proved their interest in ballet in the surest way — by digging into their pockets. They have a Festival Society there which raises funds throughout the year to subsidise artistic events of special interest. When Royal Ballet (II) danced at this year's annual music festival, the maximum capacity of the Opera House there was such that, even completely sold out, meant a certain loss of £600. The difference was met by the Society. There are still many British towns who could follow Cheltenham's fine example in rendering assistance to the arts.

Wrong again!

FROM time to time I have had reason to criticise the programme information at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Now, it appears, someone has been doing some intensive research and discovered that certain operas have received a different number of performances at the Opera House from what was formerly believed. A footnote has been added to the programmes, which is all very right and proper.

I am sorry to see, however, that what seems to be similar enterprise on behalf of the ballet programmes has proved misleading. Someone has obviously read that when Act 2 of *Le Lac des Cygnes* is given alone, a dramatic end is often contrived by having Prince Siegfried fall to the ground as the curtain comes down. This end was duly recorded in the synopsis. There was only one snag: the Royal Ballet does not adopt this ending, so the poor programme was wrong again. Still, someone obviously meant well.

Parting and meeting

JANE EDGEWORTH, who has been Dame Ninette de Valois' secretary and also personal assistant to the Royal Ballet's Company Manager, has left the Royal Ballet Organisation after 11 years' service. She has appeared in films and in a BBC series of programmes for Woman's Hour. In private life she is married to Richard Eastham, producer and general manager of Michael Codron Ltd. She contemplates going to America to teach voice production and also to arrange short TV films on the appreciation of ballet.

BERYL KAYE, ballet dancer who has achieved her greatest fame in musicals and on TV, married John Law, television script-writer, in London at the end of July. Mrs. Law's next assignment will be in Wendy Toye's ballet to be given at the Edinburgh Festival when she will appear with the two dancers with whom she has been professionally associated for many years — Paddy Stone and Irving Davies.

happy birthday to...

		September
Lucette Aldous	Ballet Rambert	26
Howard da Silva	Canadian National Ballet	26
Yves Cousineau	Canadian National Ballet	27
Colin Worth	Canadian National Ballet	27
Flemming Flindt	Royal Danish Ballet	30
Bernadette Beliveau	Canadian National Ballet	30
		October
Maureen Webster	London's Festival Ballet	1
Ninette d'Amboise	New York City Ballet	1
Tanaquil Le Clercq	New York City Ballet	2
Eric Bruhn	Royal Danish Ballet	3
Andrée Howard	British choreographer	3
Corinne Ashworth	Canadian National Ballet	4
Kenneth Bannerman	Ballet Rambert	4
Serge Grigorieff	La Scala, Milan	5
Hélène Trailine	Janine Charrat Ballet	6
Merle Park	Royal Ballet I	8
Lois Smith	Canadian National Ballet	8
Nicole Raguis	De Cuevas International Ballet	9
Darrell Notara	American Ballet Theatre	9
Jill Gregory	Royal Ballet Organisation	10
Mercédès Serrano	De Cuevas International Ballet	10
Jillana Williams	American Ballet Theatre	11
Jennifer Dodd	Ballet Rambert	12
Barbara Walczak	New York City Ballet	13
Hans Meister	Canadian National Ballet	13
Ronald Emblen	Western Theatre Ballet	14
William Guske	American Ballet Theatre	15
Peter Brownlee	London's Festival Ballet	18
Eloise Ramsey	American Ballet Theatre	18
Marjorie Tallchief	Paris Opéra Ballet	19
Kenneth Sudell	London's Festival Ballet	20
German Lopez	De Cuevas International Ballet	20
Lydia Lopokova		21
George Tomal	American Ballet Theatre	21
Nadia Nerina	Royal Ballet I	21
Alan Woodard	London's Festival Ballet	21
John Field	Royal Ballet organisation	22
Pamela Hart	London's Festival Ballet	23
Shirley Grahame	Royal Ballet I	24

Dancer You Will Know

Photo : Mike Davis

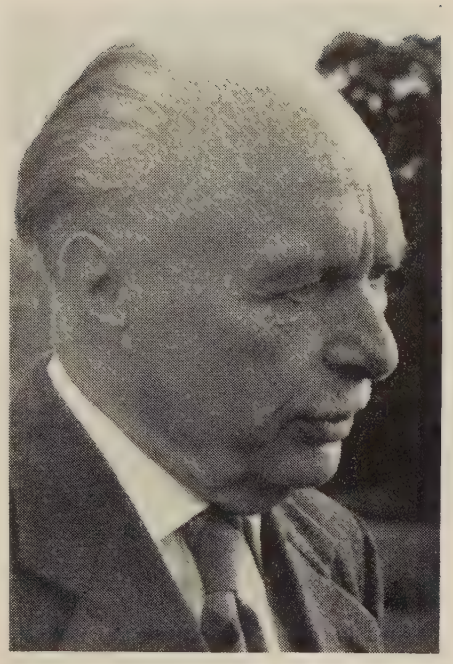
DIANNE RICHARDS

BORN in 1934 in Luanshya, Northern Rhodesia, South Africa. First studied with Marjorie Sturman in Johannesburg. Came to England and joined London's Festival Ballet in 1951. Was promoted to the rank of junior soloist in 1955.
Rôles: Columbine in the Harleqinade pas de deux; *First Girl in* Graduation Ball; *Mirletons in* The Nutcracker; Pas de Trois *and* Cygnet *in* Swan Lake; *Pink Girl in* Symphony for Fun.

ONE of the most improved dancers in London's Festival Ballet recently has been Dianne Richards. With her bubble-cut hair-style, rather perky, insouciant face at one time she resembled Belinda Wright, and despite the general but unsensational neatness of her dancing seemed to have difficulty in making much of an impression in the company. One of her very first leading rôles was in the version of the *pas de trois* Dolin at one time inserted in his production of the second act of *Swan Lake*. Her performance was competent without being in any way remarkable. But her work in the *corps de ballet* was, by this time becoming more noticeable.

Her first big chance came when she took over Belinda Wright's difficult soubrette rôle in Dolin's *Harlequinade pas de deux*. Seeing her dance this on Television, together with John Gilpin, one immediately became aware that she was not only well-equipped technically, yet also possessed a charming personality. In time this will doubtless be more exploited, but the other evening it was quite evident in *Symphony for Fun*, when she took the tiny part of the girl who "drops Keith Beckett". Here her infectious good humour and sense of *chic* and fun made a small part stand out.

Rudolf von Laban 1879-1958



RUDOLF VON LABAN
Photo: Edwin Loeb

RUDOLF von Laban de Varaljas died on July 1 at the age of 78 at Weybridge, Surrey. His death ends a brilliant but little publicised career devoted to the study of movement: a study which went very much further than his initial application of it to stage work.

His achievements were considerable. He was an original and imaginative thinker who brought a scientific approach and logical thought to bear on many problems connected with dance. He was the inspiration of a new style of theatrical dance, first named *danse libre,* but now misleadingly but more conveniently recognised under the appellations of "Central European" or "Modern". More than anyone, Laban was responsible for giving this new school of dance a sound technical foundation, but his pioneering work in this field has been overshadowed in more recent years by the acclaim his system of movement notation gained. For Labanotation, as it has become called, is the most flexible, accurate, and most internationally used method of recording movement. It has become the nearest thing to a universal language of movement the world has yet possessed.

Laban was of mixed blood. Of Hungarian origin, he was born in Bratislava (now in Czechoslovakia) where his father was connected with the State Theatre. From the age of 15 he was experimenting in dance-drama, and before he had turned 20 he had received classical ballet training in Paris where he actually danced as a ballet dancer. But at the turn of the century ballet was in a state of artistic atrophy. Laban, it was said, was the first to "take off his shoes". He rejected it and returned to dance drama, forming a small group to perform his compositions. In Munich in 1911 he inaugurated his Central European School of Dance, which soon became the centre for those practicians and theorists of dance who were not drawn towards the "more artificial" and ultra-fashionable Diaghilev company.

His modern dance company was enlarged and toured Central Europe as well as going to Lithuania and Yugoslavia, and his style of dance gained much ground in Europe through such famous pupils as Mary Wigman and Kurt Jooss. Wigman trained under him from 1913 and was profoundly influenced by his ideas as her work in Europe and America showed.

Laban held official positions at the Berlin Opera and other German opera houses where he was both able to explore and exploit the possibilities of mass movement further in his work in operas. This work led to the formation throughout Germany of movement-choirs *(Bewegungschore).* As a creative artist, however, Laban was overshadowed by his brilliant pupil, Kurt Jooss, who had worked with him from 1919 until 1924 when he left Laban to go to Munster as ballet master. Laban's style had only really conquered Germany. It was Jooss who captured the attention of the whole world with this new dance through *The Green Table* when this savagely satirical "modern ballet" created the first of its many sensations in Paris in 1932. Through the Ballets Jooss many of Laban's theories and ideas were put into practice — becoming as a whole an entirely new and cohesive theatrical expression of dance. As a style it was as theatrical as ballet, but it favoured a more natural series of movements and rejected the classical turn-out and the use of *pointes.*

Despite the fact that there are many people who distrust the specialist in a single subject, Laban must be termed an intense specialist in the sense that his entire life was devoted to the study of movement. But throughout his long career the term movement came to embrace many widely diverse activities. He had an extraordinary amalgam of culture. He had travelled widely and studied architecture, painting, music and mathematics, and dance in all its forms from ballroom to ethnic.

The breadth of his knowledge was almost unique. But the pioneering nature of his studies must be emphasised. Laban never went the rounds of the dance studios to see what he could collect from others who had attempted to analyse or measure the anatomical, technical and expressive possibilities of movement. This was simply because no one before him had elected to make a scientific and comprehensive study of movement.

Largely because of the appreciation given to the Ballets Jooss on each of its many tours of Britain, Laban chose to live here when he was driven out of Germany by Hitler's régime. He spent the early years of the war at Dartington Hall, and after a period in Wales went to Manchester where he conducted research during the last years of the war.

Although his dance has had considerable influence over contemporary dance forms, in England he was far less concerned with his theories and techniques being further expanded on the stage. More and more he studied movement in other spheres, applying his technique of movement analysis to industry, education and recreation, and he was specially concerned with perfecting his system of notation and with devising techniques for teaching modern educational dance.

He preferred to conduct experimental research and did not seek opportunities to publicise himself. Consequently he received less publicity than his great talents deserved and in many ways his work is still inadequately understood. It is impossible to assess the results of his research or the extent of his influence on the study of movement. Undoubtedly the results are far-reaching and by no means complete for his system of movement notation is being put to ever-widening uses outside the world of the theatre.

Although Laban turned away from classical ballet in his youth, it is interesting to speculate that he more than anyone may be responsible for saving classical works for posterity. It is therefore worth listing some of the works already recorded in his system of notation. They include most of the Jooss repertoire, including *Big City* and *The Green Table* (invaluable in reproducing this on many occasions), many Balanchine ballets including *Theme and Variations, Symphony in C, Orpheus, Symphonie Concertante, Serenade* and *Bourrée Fantasque,* Loring's *Billy the Kid,* the Mlakars' *The Devil in the Village,* Ashton's *Illuminations,* many musicals, and some of Doris Humphrey's works.

His notation has been used in industry for analysing the movement processes of workers in many occupations. A fruitful collaboration was that with the management consultant, F. C. Lawrence, with whom Laban devised time-and-motion study techniques for the observation of movement. The results have been increasingly used by managements in improving conditions, whether in the form of reducing wasted effort on the assembly line, or as vocational guidance in the selection of workers with the appropriate manual skills for specific jobs. The results of this noteworthy collaboration can be read in the small book which they jointly produced, *Effort.*

Laban's works in English also include *The Mastery of Movement on the Stage, Modern Educational Dance,* and *The Principles of Dance and Movement Notation* (reviewed in *Dance and Dancers,* May 1956), which are all published by Macdonald & Evans. Another title of incalculable value is Ann Hutchinson's practical exposition of his system, *Labanotation* (Phoenix House).

He was also concerned with developing a system of dance education based on the principles of his movement research and applied from the age when the child's natural urge to dance had sufficiently developed.

In 1952, the Laban Art of Movement Centre at Addlestone, Surrey, was formed and many of his experiments were carried out there. Some hundreds of teachers of movement have already been trained at this centre, whose diploma is now an obligatory qualification for many posts in Physical Education. Many teachers of professional dancers now working in London have been his pupils. These include Sigurd Leeder, Lisa Ullmann, first a pupil and later an associate (responsible herself for much pioneering work in the training of teachers), Jane Winearls, Lilian Harmel and Hilde Holger.

It is important to recognise that although Laban discarded classical ballet, his aims were substantially those of Fokine's. Both rejected the artificiality of the nineteenth-century ballet, and both sought to replace it with truly expressive dance.

Rudolf Laban's whole life and comprehensive intellect was devoted to the study of movement at all levels—technical, philosophical, educational, recreational, industrial and aesthetic. His memory will always be highly honoured in the world of dance which is so greatly in his debt.

E. C. Mason.

Illustration 51

(a) Sisol Ouverte à la seconde

(b) Sisol en arabesque en croisé

STEPS OF THE DANCE 33

by

BARBARA VERNON *and* JOHN GREGORY

Illustrated by EILEAN PEARCEY

Centre-Work : ALLEGRO continued

SISOL TOMBE : A smooth-flowing preparatory movement that may travel in all directions. Standing in 5th position *en plié*; with a small hop on one leg, the other leg simultaneously opens with a *petit developpé* to land *(Tombé) en plié* in an open position taking the weight of the body. This step though very light should have the quality of a soft tread into the floor. When travelling forwards the forward arm (corresponding to forward leg) opens to 2nd position; other arm to 4th position. When travelling back the arms may open to 4th position, or to the usual *effacé* or *croisé* positions as dictated by the direction of the step.

SISOL EN TOURNANT : A vertical jump in which the body rotates in the air. The jump may be taken from 5th position *en plié*, or from one leg *en plié*, with the other leg in the *cou de pied* position. When executed *en dehors* the body turns away from supporting leg, the working leg being picked up to *cou de pied* in front; in *en dedans* the body turns towards the supporting leg, the working leg being picked up to *cou de pied* behind. In either case *en dehors* or *en dedans* the *Sisol* may be finished *sur le cou de pied*, or in any of the extended positions *en l'air*, i.e., *en croisé, en effacé, à la seconde*, or *arabesque*; or again it may finish with *Tombé* in any direction.

The impetus for the turn is largely controlled from the shoulders, which are well pulled down, back straight, the body growing-up off the hips. The arms are held rounded just below waist level as in *pirouettes*, or they may be lifted to the 3rd position. The head spots front.

SISOLS BATTUS : The vertical *Sisol Battu* may be performed with a simple *entrechat trois* beat, in which both legs beat calf to calf in the air, before changing relationship, to land on one leg *en plié* with the other leg passing to the *cou de pied* position. May be performed *devant* or *derrière*.

Vertical *Sisol Battu* may also be performed with *entrechat cinq*, in which legs change relationship in the air before and after they beat, supporting leg landing *en plié*, other leg to *cou de pied*. The beaten *sisol* may be performed from two legs or one leg. *Sisol Ouverte Battu* in any direction may be performed with a single *Cabriole* beat, in which after the push from the floor, the leg which will become supporting leg is first lifted to strike the extended leg *en l'air* calf to calf, before landing *en plié*.

When *Sisol Ouverte Battu* is performed with *entrechat cinq* beat the legs change relationship before and after the beat *en l'air*, the working leg lifting to the extended position, as the supporting leg lands *en plié*.

TEMPS DE CUISSES : Often used in conjunction with *Sisols*. From 5th position *en plié*, the back leg is picked up close to supporting leg to pass in front, and the ball of the foot is placed precisely in the 5th position front. From this position a jump is taken travelling sideways away from front leg, or to the *effacé* back. With the movement of the back leg to the front, the corresponding arm is carried to 2nd position, other arm lifting to 4th position; the head looks in the direction of the forward shoulder.

This step could be performed in reverse; but is seldom used.

EXAMPLES OF ALLEGRO ENCHAINEMENTS INCORPORATING SISOLS, ETC.

(a)	*Sisol Tombé en effacé*	and 1,
	Pas de Bourré dessous	„ 2,
	Jeté derrière	„ 3,
	Assemblé dessous	„ 4.
	Repeat on other side.	
(b)	*Sisol Tombé en effacé,*	„ 1,
	Sisol Tombé en croisé,	„ 2,
	Assemblé derrière	„ 3,
	Entrechat Trois (back leg to *cou de pied* front)	„ 4.
	Repeat *en diagonal.*	
(c)	*Sisol en tournant en dehors Tombé* to 4th position *en effacé*	„ 1,
	Coupé dessous, Assemblé dessous	„ 2,
	Echappé with change of feet	„ 3,
	Changement de pied	„ 4.
	Repeat on other side.	
(d)	*Entrechat cinq devant*	„ 1,
	Jeté en croisé, en avant	„ 2,
	Pas de Bourrée dessous	„ 3,
	Entrechat quatre	„ 4.
	Repeat on other side.	

(c) Sisol en tournant finishing *en arabesque*

(d) Temps de Cuisses

THE ROYAL BALLET (I) at Covent Garden

Last season's débuts

LACK of space has forced us to withhold comment on quite a number of cast-changes during the past Royal Ballet I season, which closed at Covent Garden on June 21. Among them were Svetlana Beriosova's Firebird — beautifully, cleanly danced but perhaps, as yet, insufficiently expressive; Gary Burne's Midas in *The Lady and the Fool* — a brave try at a difficult part, which should become braver when he slightly tones down the characterisation; and Merle Park's first London performance as the Doll in *Petrushka,* which I failed to see and can therefore only record. All of these it is hoped to discuss at greater length when — and if — the performances are repeated next season.

On June 6 Maryon Lane, partnered by Pirmin Trecu, danced the ballerina rôle in *Ballet Imperial* for the first time. The performance helped to show how futile it is to label dancers. For some years now Lane has worn the tags *demi-caractère* and soubrette around her neck like badges of office. "A fine Swanilda, yes, but in classical parts rather out of place", went the popular assessment, quite forgetting that anyone who can get through the last act of *Coppélia* in the English version needs to be a classical dancer of no mean ability. Yet there it was — according to the cast-iron classification system of the "English school" it seemed as though Lane had found her mark.

Last season saw her in two new rôles. One, the stationary *fouetté* girl in *Les Patineurs,* was distinctly *demi-caractère* and Lane was pretty bad — inaccurate and charmless. In *Ballet Imperial,* on the other hand, she succeeded handsomely. Despite her comparatively short stature she is a finely proportioned dancer with impeccable and natural line. Her dancing in *Ballet Imperial* did not possess the multi-coloured brilliance of Fifield or Nerina, yet had its own qualities of womanly warmth — especially in the second movement — and throughout she showed style and spirit. Pirmin Trecu, who once used to dance the *premier danseur* rôle with Fifield, made a gallant and attentive partner and danced with heart-warming vivacity.

The penultimate performance of the season, on the afternoon of June 21, was *The Sleeping Beauty,* made especially notable by the début of Antoinette Sibley in the Bluebird *pas de deux.* In the first principal rôle she has ever danced at Covent Garden the remarkable Sibley showed no trace of nervousness whatsoever. It was a beautifully finished, gracious performance carrying with it a youthful quality of enchantment. She is one of the most promising dancers ever to emerge from the Royal Ballet School — with all that school's typical virtues and hardly any of its, for want of a better word, vices. Her back is strong and supple, her *ports de bras* unforced and elegant, while her response and sensitivity to music seems well above the normal mean average. I shall be very surprised if I am not one day proud of the fact that I was present when she danced her first-ever leading part.

She was partnered by Graham Usher, who showed a marked improvement on his mildly disappointing showing last year. He still has in this part too great — or rather too obvious — an anxiety to please. His phrasing was a little uneven, and he was not completely successful in conserving his energy so that he appeared to lack something in stamina. Yet he is a well-equipped dancer, with notable elevation and *ballon* and a certain natural stage-craft, clearly destined for good things.

But the whole performance was one in which the young entry put their best foot forward. The Fairies of the Prologue included a number of sorceress apprentices among their ranks. Sibley made an eloquently cool Fairy of the Crystal Fountain. It was a delightfully danced performance, but here, more than in her Bluebird, I felt the lack of — and I am fumbling now for the right words — that touch of incipient grandeur that might flower were she to become a ballerina. It is perhaps too early to talk in such a way of a dancer so young and inexperienced, but her qualities are almost those that demand prophecies as a right, and it does seem that there is about her work a certain "ordinariness" of personality (charming though that is) and a corresponding absence of the grand manner we associate with ballerinas. This could presumably come with experience, but I mention it, in passing, as the one tiny fist-size cloud appearing on what looks to me like a remarkably clear horizon.

Other new, or newish, Fairies on view were Doreen Wells, Shirley Grahame and Deidre Dixon. Wells's Enchanted Garden Fairy was as dewy and fresh as a bunch of spring flowers, but she tended to smile just a shade too much. Grahame's Song-Bird Fairy, if a little too spiky, had the right flourish, but Dixon over-emphasised and exaggerated the Fairy of the Golden Vine. There is something rather engaging in the way Dixon always gives everything she has got, but not infrequently — and this is particularly true of her *corps* performances — either she has got too much or the others have got too little!

In the last act Margaret Mercier danced sweetly in the Florestan *pas de trois* (so confirming the good impression she made in the *Swan Lake pas de trois* earlier in the season) and Judith Sinclair and Keith Rosson made history as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf. For the very first time, so far as I am aware, two dancers got a second call for this rather dreary *pas de caractère,* a feat achieved by the cuteness of Sinclair's characterisation and the height of Rosson's jump.

C. B.

THE ROYAL BALLET (II) at Covent Garden

New swans in an old lake

THE first public demonstration that the two Royal Ballet companies will eventually become one was with the first full-length performance of *Le Lac des Cygnes* on June 27. It is this production with its Covent Garden Leslie Hurry scenery and costumes which the younger company will tour through Australia and New Zealand during the next eight months.

Of course one has to start some time and somewhere, and in the ordinary course of events this performance would have been given the due consideration usually enjoyed by anyone attempting a work of this nature for the first time. Unfortunately this is a production that is going to be shown to an audience that well knows the Petipa-Ivanov classic and it is going to use the performance of this work as a yardstick by which to assess the whole work of the Royal Ballet. I am afraid that unless a miracle occurs between now and the time the company opens in Sydney in September, the Australian audience is going to get only a scant idea of what the Royal Ballet's *Lac* really amount to.

The first act started off well with the Ashton *pas de six* given with bounding zest by Lee, Alexander, Seymour, Mottram, MacLeary and Gable. In fact the centre male — MacLeary — gave as good a performance as this part, created by Alexander Grant, has ever had. So good were they all that hopes were immediately raised that this would be a spanking good all-round performance. The first let-down came with the *pas de trois* that followed. Of the three — Patricia Cox, Audrey Farris and Michael Boulton — it was only Cox who seemed to understand the youthful gaiety of the dances which Karsavina herself once taught us are more than merely classical *enchaînements.* In her variation Cox managed to impart the feeling that it had been a lovely day and that the Prince before whom she was dancing was handsome and that she just loved to live — all these things Karsavina once told us. Boulton came unstuck in his variation but this was mainly due to the tempi of Hugo Rignold, who gave little help throughout. Farris was disappointing as the second girl. The general peasants' dance was lacking both spirit and discipline. The Huntsmen stood around in unconvincing groups and never gave the impression that they would ever be capable of hunting anything at all — not even a myxamatosis rabbit.

On the other hand the mime in this act was exceedingly mature. Chatfield and Gerd Larsen, from the other company, were old hands at the Prince Siegfried and Princess Mother rôles, so what they did was not unexpected. Chatfield has simplified his gestures since I last saw his Siegfried and it is very much to the advantage of his whole interpretation. But Edward Miller was a newcomer to the Prince's friend, Benno, and his mime was clear and his interpretation very well thought out. New also to the tutor, Wolfgang, was Henry Legerton, though he is a mature artist. He etched a charming and wholly plausible portrait of the old man which never descended to the caricature. As with his Hilarion in *Giselle,* Legerton proves that he is the sort of mime who would not be out of place in the Royal Danish or Bolshoi companies.

It was with the more familiar second act that the rot started to set in. The mime between Chatfield and Rowena Jackson's Odette became one of the most meaningless passages of mimetic gesture it has ever been my misfortune to try and unravel. The swans, apart from Margaret Lee as one of their leaders, danced as if they were in the middle of the moulting season, and even Miller's Benno, so good in the previous act, lacked enthusiasm, a fact which he tried to hide by being over-busy.

This part in *Lac* is not Jackson's strong point — her arms are never eloquent or majestic and her face never expresses the noble sorrow of her fate. The fact that she danced well was not compensation enough because dancing and choreography need a deeply-felt interpretation to match up to Tchaikovsky's atmospheric score. It was with the third act that Jackson came into her own as Odile and her brilliant technique brought her deserved triumph. She also refrained from the vulgarity which

FESTIVAL'S SUMMER GUESTS: In addition to Alicia Markova, two other famous stars have appeared with Festival Ballet during their Festival Hall season. They are Beryl Grey (left, in Houston Rogers' photograph of her Reverie*) and Oleg Briansky (right, in Studio Liseg's picture).*

mars the performance of so many ballerinas in this part of the ballet. In this act, Chatfield looked every inch a prince, partnering with self-effacement and dancing his variation with breadth and precision. The character dances — Spanish, Czardas and Mazurka — were given with more exuberance than style by the young dancers who still have to learn that dances given at Court should have breeding and nobility. Donald Britton and Audrey Farriss had a good shot at the Neapolitan Tarantella though Britton's footwork lacked the sparkling *batterie* which has always made Grant's performance in this rôle so outstanding. I liked Gordon Aitken's Von Rothbart, who was a nasty little man, and he managed to add a number of original little touches. Alan Beale's Master of Ceremonies, on the other hand, seemed to be a hired help called in for the evening because the usual man was ill. He moved around far too much and he must learn to simplify every gesture; such people should command, not implore.

By the final act, Jackson had got more of the feeling of the real Odette, though she never achieved the pathos of the swan maiden who has been wronged. Again it was Margaret Lee, as a leading Swan, who brought some of the feeling as to how this sadly beautiful act should really be danced.

On the following afternoon, June 28, we saw two permanent members of the younger Royal Ballet in the Odette and Siegfried rôles. Anne Heaton and Donald MacLeary obviously fit in far better with their own company than can ever be the case with visiting artists. Even so, having seen these two in the second act of *Lac* at Sutton during the early weeks of this year, I was not quite prepared for the performance I saw at Covent Garden. The uneven quality I originally noticed in Heaton's Odette has now been ironed out and she was consistent throughout the whole act. Before, it had been a mixture of grand moments with small interludes, now it is all grand moments. In the intervening months she has come to realise the poetry of this lament. She has developed a breadth of arm movement worthy of a Russian dancer and her mime was eloquent. There was a feeling of accord between her and MacLeary which made the *Adage* into the moving love passage it was always supposed to be. The only thing I missed was the lovely lift and descent at the end of the ballet, which I said when I saw it at Sutton amounted to one of those moments which make it worth going to see old classics. Why they had toned this down I just cannot imagine, because it would have been far more effective on the large opera house stage. I hope this is only a temporary omission. MacLeary has also corrected a number of faults, he is now more sure of himself and no longer pokes his head forward. In time he should become a Prince Siegfried of the Royal Ballet who will not make the draught so noticeable when Michael Somes decides to retire. He might even become Britain's answer to Denmark's Henning Kronstam as a *danseur noble* in the literal translation of this appellation. Even the *corps*, at this performance, had smoothed their feathers a bit from the previous evening and made a far more presentable batch of swans. It seems a pity that London will not be given a chance of seeing Heaton and MacLeary in the full-length version until after the company returns from the Antipodes.

The matinée had started with Peter Wright's *A Blue Rose,* which still looks too much of a workshop ballet to be shown on an important stage. Its *La Ronde*-like cycle, with a rose passing to different groups and ending up with its original holder, has moments of originality, but no particular style emerges and as a whole it is rather trite. However, the dancers give it with as much conviction as the choreography allows them to muster.

I was rather at a loss to understand why we should have been subjected to the *Blue Bird pas de deux* from Susan Alexander and Michael Boulton later in the programme. These isolated *pas de deux* torn from major classics are pointless unless given with great virtuosity. This quality was noticeably absent in the work of either artist. Alexander, looking very pleased with herself, had none of the dignity of a Princess if you think of the *pas de deux* under its correct title of "Princess Florisse and the Blue Bird", nor did she have a scrap of avian brilliance if you stick to the Royal Ballet's incorrect title and imagine her to be a female bird. Most of the time she was tentative, but she finished most movements with a vulgar flourish which made her performance incredibly uneven. Boulton

was an untidy Blue Bird, and his bulging thighs and stocky figure should have produced greater *ballon.* I remember Idzikowsky, one of the great Blue Birds of this century, also had bulging thighs, but he used to soar through the air until you sometimes wondered if he would ever alight on the earth's surface again. Boulton, I am afraid, never gave any impression of leaving the ground. Displays such as this do little good to anyone and are fair neither on the artists nor the audience.

Before we see them again, Royal Ballet (II) will have travelled many thousands of miles and played before many thousands of people. Without any doubt the stimulus of a fresh audience and the fact that, for the first time since they left Sadler's Wells Theatre, they will be staying in theatres for a season up to two months' duration, will help them to mature and correct the faults I have noted above. Their assignment will not be easy as technically they are bound to be compared to New York City Ballet, which has just completed a successful Australian tour ; they are also bound to be compared to the native artists and productions, which are of a far higher standard than is probably realised by many people in this country. They will have to face an audience which has known many of the great dancers and companies of this century. They will not, as some people in England seem to imagine, be pioneering, but will be bringing English ballet to an audience which is extremely intelligent and has considered the art of the dance with far greater depth than is usually apparent in Europe. I know this personally because I have been there. The going may be tough and it's no use pretending it will be otherwise, but I think that the guts which have been apparent in this group, even when it was the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet up in Islington, will carry them through. As a result of this tour they should have earned themselves the right never to be called "junior" again. Good luck to them! **P. W.**

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

Festivity with reason

THERE were at least two good reasons for the festive atmosphere in the Festival Hall when London's Festival Ballet opened their summer season — now as much a part of the midsummer London scene as the Proms — on July 15. Not only was a new ballet receiving its London baptism, but the return of Markova to the fold, albeit as a guest, of the company which she originally helped to found, also added lustre to the occasion.

Markova, as befits her position, came first, and it must be admitted that she brought the only distinction to be found in an otherwise drearily routine performance of *Les Sylphides.* The Sylphs, tanned to a turn by the Israel sun and looking like strapping, healthy Amazons, were poor in *ensemble,* Jeanette Minty and Marilyn Burr danced with dull unmusicality as the supporting soloists, and Oleg Briansky — a returning prodigal to the company's roster — seemed over-fussy and about as flaccid as his somewhat limp white cravat.

The performance's deficiencies were chiefly those of style, and they had a cruelly revealing spotlight thrust upon them by the dancing of Markova in the Prélude and *pas de deux.* As I shall later be discussing Markova in *Giselle* and many of the points to be made there overlap any consideration of her in *Les Sylphides,* it might be as well to pass on to the première of Jack Carter's *The Witch Boy* with a sigh, although not quite the kind of sigh that Fokine originally envisaged when he devised his ballet.

The Witch Boy was first produced in Holland for the Ballet of the Lowlands in 1956, and Carter tells me that his version for Festival Ballet is in every way identical with the Dutch production. As Festival Ballet's revival was reviewed in these pages when the company first gave it at the end of last year in Manchester, and subsequently when it formed part of the repertory for their Paris season, there seems little point in reviewing it in detail. Although I had not personally seen the ballet before London, having read and heard so much about it I felt I knew just what to expect. I did.

The ballet is freely based on the ballad from America's Smoky Mountains, which tells how Barbara Allen falls in love with a Witch Boy, who by a devious route, brings about her death. The story has previously been used for a work produced for the Canadian National Ballet by Joey Harriss, *Dark of the Moon,* developed from the play of the same name which itself was an earlier dramatic representation of the ballet.

Carter's version has been compared with the work of Agnes de Mille, and in one respect at least there is a strong kinship. In this work Carter is aiming quite frankly at entertainment as does de Mille. But whereas de Mille has rather more stagecraft than the younger English choreographer, Carter is capable, on occasion, of far more genuine dance invention and imagery than de Mille can customarily produce.

Festival Ballet danced the ballet with great verve and liveliness. Gilpin as the Witch Boy and Anita Landa as Barbara were both excellent. Gilpin's lithe dancing was faultless, and aided by the choreographer, his characterisation hit off just the right note of a creature fantastically strange and inhumanly amoral. Landa has never been seen to better advantage. Her dancing was excellent, and her portrayal succeeded in subtly suggesting first the banked-up hidden fires of Barbara's passion, and later the neurotic intensity with which she submitted to the Witch Boy's rapturous embrace, and the final disillusionment. In both of these portrayals Carter was lucky in his interpreters.

Kenneth Sudell as the Conjor-Man — dressed something in the manner of a Japanese Kabuki General — seemed unable to impose sufficient dramatic force on the rôle to make it convincing. For this the choreographer — who created the rôle himself in Holland — must be held partly to blame, as he seems to have realised the part almost completely in terms of static mime. It would, however, have been interesting to see what Carter himself made of it.

Nor does Anton Dolin's Preacher emerge at all clearly, and here again I feel the fault to be in part the dancer's, but very largely the choreographer's. The Preacher's motives are not made at all clear — the advances the programme assures us he makes to Barbara seems remarkably bashful — and even the cut of his cloth is not lucidly established.

The company performed their Square Dance with an air of enormous enjoyment and their spirited dancing not only lent credibility to the episode but also enabled Carter's well-designed patterns of choreography and, as it were, emotion to be fully realised. While it is perhaps unjust to mention individuals where all worked so well together, Jeffrey Kovel and Peter White both impressed me as giving outstanding characterisations.

The Witch Boy was followed by Markova's enchanting solo, arranged by Ana Ricarda, *Bolero 1830.* This is a wonderfully delicate period reconstruction of the Romantic Ballet in its "Spanish mood", and Markova's exquisitely perfect performance makes it into a thing of the purest gold. The performance ended with Lichine's *Graduation Ball* which I had to miss through force of circumstances.

Markova's Giselle

ON July 22 Markova danced in *Giselle* with the company for the first time in London for six years. There is very little to add about Markova's Giselle. It remains a quite wonderful performance, wonderful in the completeness of its fey characterisation, and wonderful in its startling quality of evoking the spirit and style of Romantic Ballet. It would be true to say that Markova makes her own rules. There are aspects of her dancing, for example the hunched shoulders and general air of almost wispy brittleness, that would be unforgivable in a lesser artist. But to forgive them in Markova is not to bow to a great reputation, for things that would be faults in other people — and can admittedly be noted with steely-eyed objectivity — are completely lost in her performance. She is so much Giselle, so much our modern conception of the embodiment of Taglioni (I know Grisi created the part — don't write !) that she could almost — let's be fanciful — stand on her head and yet remain magnificently within the ornate frame of her delicately etched lithograph.

Gilpin's Albrecht is more lightly sketched than delicately etched. It has, surprisingly, developed but little since he first danced it nearly eight years ago. He now dances with complete assurance, and acts with intelligence, but the characterisation just will not gell. If he could believe in the part a little more, it is not impossible that we would believe a little more in him. The *corps de ballet* appeared still to be suffering a little from the strain of their recent exhausting tour, and were not dancing quite at their best. The lighting — particularly the spots and the horrible flicker-flash of mechanical glow-worms at the beginning of the second act—rarely raised itself above the execrable. Nor did the orchestral playing under Geoffrey Corbett. There was one ghastly moment—in quite the wrong sense—during the last act *pas de deux* when orchestra and dancers were completely at variance.

The evening ended with an exceptionally good performance of *Symphony for Fun,* in which only Louis Godfrey in the "Blues" movement was at less than his best. **C. B.**

The return of Grey

BALLERINAS, both British and guests, have dominated Festival Ballet's summer season. Very much present was Beryl Grey, who made a truly triumphant return to the London stage on July 30 to be welcomed with cheers and the biggest collection of bouquets seen for years. Unfortunately this production of *Swan Lake* Act 2 gives little opportunity for a dancer, used to the full version, to reveal her dramatic ability, so it was not possible to see whether her Bolshoi visit had influenced her in this respect. She danced well, however, with some new touches of virtuosity—momentarily held poses, for instance, included like grace-notes in the *adagio.* She also added some fluttering hand movements which were very delicately done although to my mind less apt.

On the same night she danced in the *Don Quixote pas de deux.* Her solo, complete with fan, was sheer delight—smooth, speedy and lighthearted. I could see no point, however, in the drastic changes which had been

made in the choreography of the coda so that it looked more like *Black Swan* than previously-seen versions of *Don Quixote*. The idea of giving *Don Quixote* is surely to provide a change from the staple diet of classical show-pieces, and the alterations invalidated this.

Oleg Briansky partnered Grey securely in both ballets but danced his variations with rather too determined *panache*. More ease and less fierceness of attack are called for. **John Percival**

SCHOOL DISPLAYS

IN the Toynbee Theatre on June 8, the schools affiliated to the Federation of Russian Classical Ballet, gave "An Evening of Ballet" in honour of Madame Karsavina, who had presided over their eighth Annual Congress.

A happy start was made by the curtains parting silently to show Karsavina seated on stage—the presentation of awards was then made by her with a grace and charm that was a lesson in itself.

The teachers who form this federation are to be congratulated not only for providing such an opportunity for students to get the feeling of work on stage, but also for the overall high standard achieved. An immense amount of effort goes into putting on a performance of this kind by a group, and the difficulties to be surmounted are considerable. The results are bound to be somewhat uneven for, naturally enough, not all teachers are ipso facto good choreographers nor are all students ideal material. However this was student dancing "without tears" for the audience; most of the costumes were charming, suitably simple and good in colour, none of the children were forced beyond their age and capacity, there were no travesties by unlucky youngsters pushed into dances choreographed for adults—no horrid little blue birds.

One of the foremost and indeed basic aims in the Russian method of teaching—rhythmic flow and fluidity in movement—was well brought out in the best items shown. This fluidity of style can look so easy, but so comfortable to watch, so subtle, that the onlooker is sometimes unaware of what is done, does not notice this "art that conceals art." With the general public, one gets the impression often, that it likes difficult feats in dancing to look difficult and artistry can go by the board.

First on the programme were Barbara Vernon's pupils in four movements to music by Pergolesi; they moved with grace and smoothness and with consciousness that all parts of the body should be used as an integrated whole. The lyrical feeling was beautifully sustained.

Other very enjoyable numbers were the 'character' dances, all national—Maria Zybina's Croatian Village Scene was outstanding, danced with verve and precision, and with an engaging vitality which permeated the ensemble even to the smallest children, all acting their parts with conviction. A virile dance was performed by a tomboy of a girl, and throughout there was a strong feeling for the exact flavour of the original national dance.

The programme ended with John Gregory's four-scene ballet *The Knock-Out*, which could have had as a sub-title 'boys will be boys whatever their age!' Set to music by Poulenc, and taking boxing both juvenile and professional as the theme, this was exhilarating and original, and we were, as we should be always in such cases, grateful for its humour and surprises. **E. B. P.**

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

BELGIUM

VOYAGE VERS L'AMOUR

First given by the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas on June 30, 1958, at the Palais de Beaux Arts, Brussels, as part of the World Festival. Music by Rebekah Harkness; Scenario by Blevins Davis and Chris Volkoff; Choreography by Leonide Massine, John Taras, Mariemma, Leon Anlen and Alexis Eltsoff; Décor and Costumes designed by François Ganeau; Artistic Director: Chris Volkoff.

THE three moving spirits behind this venture — Blevins Davis, Chris Volkoff and Mrs. Rebekah Harkness West — are idealistic Americans who clearly intended *Voyage vers l'Amour* to be a balletic tribute to the ideals of international friendship and understanding. However, the scenario is so naïve, the music so eclectic and pretentious, and much of the choreography so banal, that no serious purpose is achieved. Chris Volkoff, in his capacity as Artistic Director, seems to have been unable or unwilling to impose any kind of coherence on the enormous team of collaborators. (Incidentally, it was most unfortunate that the five choreographers listed at the top of this article, and at the top of the programme, were not quite the same as those credited with specific scenes, but either way there are five choreographers involved in a work which lasts only about an hour.)

The only link between the episodes is provided by Serge Golovine and Maria Santestevan, whose travels in search of love, escorted by a Cupid-like Goddess, provide the ballet's theme. They dance extremely well. Golovine has beautiful line, excellent beats and elevation, and, in short, is now one of the outstanding male dancers of our time; Santestevan, a young dancer from Argentina with a slight figure and excellent technique (I have seen her dance a very creditable *Don Quixote pas de deux)*, is charming and extremely promising.

But their efforts could not prevent the ballet from falling inevitably into five diverse and mutually inconsistent parts. After a brief prologue, in which Cupid starts them on their journey to the accompaniment of full orchestra and a soprano voice, the couple arrive in what is allegedly England. This is a curious pastoral setting with girls in "Sylphide" dresses mooning dreamily about in an anaemic way. Presumably intended to suggest rural simplicity and bliss, this scene is the work of John Taras, who also devised the Viennese scene, the Prologue and the Apotheosis.

The second scene, by Massine, is a conventional foreigner's view of France. Comic gendarmes, matelots, tourists and carnival and harlequinade characters, familiar from other Massine ballets, bounce about to little or no purpose.

The Spanish scene, which comes next, is the only authentic folk-dance scene in the ballet, and also by far the best. Mariemma, her fiery partner Juan Morilla and a group of genuine Spanish dancers, appear in a brief flamenco scene, followed by a fandango, a paso-doble and a bolero. These dances are so rousing that the Russian scene which follows is an anti-climax.

Like the French, it is almost a parody. Comic-opera moujiks dance a gopak in front of a haystack; then snow and pine trees appear, the Spirit of Winter presiding. Genia Melikova, tall, authoritative and elegant on point as the Spirit, reminded me somewhat of Beryl Grey. Golovine and Santestevan dance a mazurka and finally there is a trepak, excellently danced by Daniel Seiller, Armando Navarro and Imre Varady, in rather un-Russian costumes. The choreographer of the Russian scene is Alexis Eltzoff, except for Melikova's dance which is by Chris Volkoff!

The Viennese scene, as could be expected, is a pastiche of all the Viennese waltz scenes ever. Jacqueline Moreau and Nicholas Polajenko suddenly appear on the scene, looking as if they have just danced the Coquette and the Baron in *Night Shadow* and cannot be bothered to change their costumes.

Finally, the Apotheosis: all the national groups pay homage to Golovine and Santestevan, whose journey has apparently brought them love and happiness.

It may seem absurd to describe *Voyage vers l'Amour* as a success, yet despite its obvious faults and lack of a consistent style, it certainly was a hit with the fashionable Brussels audience, and I confess that I enjoyed it myself, not as a work of art but as entertaining hocus-pocus. It has lots of good dancing, and costumes and décor, which if not authentic, are always tasteful and pleasing to the eye. The music, which ranges from a Hollywood piano concerto to feeble imitations of national folk-tunes, is much the least satisfactory element.

Voyage vers l'Amour could easily have been a very good ballet if all the scenes had been presented authentically, like the Spanish, or if they had all been witty and original parodies. As it is, the ingredients do not mix, but the result is not indigestible.

Oleg Kerensky.

FRANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE

WHEN will the impresarios learn to co-ordinate their plans? In some weeks the public is so overwhelmed with dance companies that it does not know where to turn, while on other occasions dance programmes vanish completely from the posters. This agreeable American company which appeared at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées from June 11-18, suffered from being in direct competition with the Bolshoi Ballet. Had it appeared a few days later, it would certainly have received a much warmer welcome. Furthermore (and this criticism applies to all companies) the choice of its opening programme was clumsy.

These well-established artists do not appear to their best advantage in Herbert Ross's *Paean*. This hard gymnastic feat is Grecian in name only: there is no evidence either of Hellenic clarity or pure beauty. The absolute freedom and cold stylised eroticism of this interplay of design do not do justice to Chausson's lyrical score — *Concert en quatre parties*. Among the dancers, Ruth Ann Koesun, Lupe Serrano and John Kriza deserve special mention.

Despite the dramatic presence of Nora Kaye, who is one of the most original ballet artists of her time, Antony Tudor's *Pillar of Fire* remains, today as yesterday, a sombre study of complexes. There is, in my opinion, no point of contact between Schoenberg's score and the experienced or innocent lovers, and the prudish or dissolute

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old maids who exist in the greenish atmosphere of an aquarium.

Fortunately, Lupe Serrano's and Erik Bruhn's verve and sense of the stage put new life into the *Don Quixote pas de deux,* while Violette Verdy lent a fresh and elegant precision to Balanchine's piece of geometry, *Theme and Variations.*

There were few new works in the programme. This was perhaps as well for those one did see which were new to Paris were not very appealing. We have already made our reservations about Herbert Ross's irritating work, *Paean.* However, this ballet appears a masterpiece when compared with the unbelievable *Offenbach in the Underworld:* a very apt title for the composer has been dragged down into the very hell of bad taste. How could such an esteemed and highly thought of choreographer as Antony Tudor have brought himself to participate in this ?

Choreographically the ballet draws its inspiration from the formulas which Massine applied in *Gaîté Parisienne,* but with none of this work's verve or invention. The programme says that the action takes place in an "elegant" cafe around 1870. From point of fact the designer, René Bouché, has taken us to a very unpleasant place indeed which, seen from a distance, evokes rather Toulouse-Lautrec and the turn of the century. The sordid young ladies who display themselves in this seem to have come straight from the most disreputable pavement. In these surroundings it is hard to explain the presence of the innocent young girl, charmingly interpreted by Ruth Ann Koesun. It is obvious too that such excellent dancers as Nora Kaye, Lupe Serrano and John Kriza have been misused. But at least if Offenbach's spirit had strayed to this spot, he would have recognised nothing of himself in the "arrangements" of David Simon.

Let us forget this pitiful adventure as quickly as possible by passing on to other works. Jerome Robbins' *Interplay* keeps its appeal by its gay forcefulness, although on this occasion it was marred by a lack of precision and discipline in the *corps de ballet.* In the melodramatic *Fall River Legend* Nora Kaye's presence and assurance succeeds once again in making one forget the hybrid character of this laborious work, while John Kriza, for his part, re-enacted his successful interpretation in *Billy the Kid.* Violette Verdy and Erik Bruhn put up an artistic and distinguished defence of the incontestable merits of classicism. Verdy in particular displayed an exceptionally elegant mastery and harmony of line in the *Casse-Noisette pas de deux.*

THE ENGHIEN FESTIVAL

ON June 12 the Casino d'Enghien's traditional gala was dedicated to international personalities of the dance. The programme did not consist of the works of such established masters as Lifar and Massine as before, or even of young choreographers such as Béjart and Van Dijk, but of performances by artists from all parts of the world. Unfortunately this idea, sounding so promising in theory, proved disappointing in execution.

Nadia Nerina and David Blair certainly gave evidence of the high standard and taste of the Royal Ballet. The same cannot be said of Nina Novak's and George Zoritch's debatable execution of the *Don Quixote pas de deux.* Carla Fracci and Mario Pistoni made the mistake of showing themselves in the Balcony Scene from *Romeo and Juliet* while the dazzling memory of Ulanova was still fresh in our minds. Sweden was represented by Elsa Marianne von Rosen and Bjorn Holmgren, who danced with great skill and understanding, although this style of dancing still seems to retain some link with the gymnastics system of the same name. Hungary was represented by Vera Pasztor and Erbo Vashegui in a spirited acrobatic *pas de deux,* and Yugoslavia by an excerpt from a work by Pio and Pina Mlakar danced by Dusanka Sifnios and Dusan Trninic.

Jean Babilée broke away from this rather monotonous sequence of *pas de deux* with his new creation *Minuterie,* with Claire Sombert and a small *corps de ballet.* But it is a pity that the very slender choreography did not provide better material for the undeniable talents of these two accomplished artists. The public regretfully found its hopes unfulfilled.

THE NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY OF CEYLON

CONTINUING its choreographic world tour the Théâtre des Nations welcomed the dancers of Ceylon on July 4.

Although closely connected with the great Hindu systems of dance, Sinhalese dance goes under the name of Kandyan dance. It is typically masculine and of peasant origin, but appears much more outworn and less developed than its Indian counterparts, Kathakali, Manipuri and so on. There is a simple reason for this — the selection of the dancers. Originally the Kings of Ceylon had given land to the peasants on the condition that they would allow some of their sons to be consecrated to Buddhist temples as dancers. Thus village and jungle life are the principal sources of inspiration today for the dances. The accompanying instruments for the most part are percussion and have remained rather elementary.

Gradually the old traditions of this school of dance were lost, and it was not until 1946 that it was decided to revive the Kandyan dance. A group of 30 dancers was assembled and there were regular performances given at Nittawela and later at Colombo. In these particular Paris performances five men and one woman and musicians supported the sole principal, N. M. Guneya.

But for a full appreciation of this Oriental art one would need to be in reach of the jungle and its rich backcloth to throw into relief the admirable white costumes richly embroidered and embossed with gold. To our easily diverted Western eyes the fluid but rather simple flow of the hands, the persistent stamping and the tinkling of bells becomes rather monotonous and it is certainly devoid of the enigmatic but charming complexities of Indian dance.

However one must praise certain imitative dances thought out by N. M. Guneya: especially the *Dance of Death of the Butterflies, Nagu Natuma* or *The Dance of the Cobra,* and *The Dance of the Falcon.* The comic interludes taken from numerous masques are rather feeble. We are equally far from Bali and Peking, but one of the rare privileges of the present day is that we are able to sample and compare art forms which are the most distant from our own. It is to be hoped that these opportune contacts do not end in a universal and tragic standardisation.

NEWS IN BRIEF

AT the time of President Coty's visit to Brussels on July 8 the Paris Opéra and Opéra-Comique companies gave a gala performance at the auditorium of the Exhibition. For this they presented Serge Lifar's new version of Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloë,* with décors and costumes by Marc Chagall. The principal rôles were taken by Claude Bessy and Peter Van Dijk. The ballet will not be given in Paris until October. Completing the programme were the Bizet-Balanchine *Le Palais de Cristal* and the Jolivet-Skibine *Concerto.*

FOLLOWING its performances at the Granada and Bellac festivals, the *corps de ballet* of the Opéra appeared, as it does every year, at the Théâtre Antique d'Orange on July 31.

YVETTE CHAUVIRE was kept on in Russia for numerous engagements and therefore could not open the ballet season as had been announced. However since her return she has appeared in *Nautéos, Giselle, Istar* and *Les Mirages* in that order, and has been very warmly welcomed after her Russian triumph.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

CHAUVIRE IN MOSCOW : After her triumphs in Moscow with her own Paris Opéra Ballet, Yvette Chauviré remained in Russia to give some concert performances. In the picture on the left she is seen embracing Vlassova after the latter's performance in Jeanne d'Arc *at the Stanislavsky Theatre. On the right, Chauviré is seen acknowledging the applause after her concert in the Tchaikovsky Hall on June 22.*

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET I
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

August
20 *Les Sylphides, Agon* (première), *Daphnis and Chloë*
21 *Ballet Imperial, Giselle* (Chauviré, Rassine)
22 *Ballet Imperial, Agon, The Firebird*
23 **(M)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Somes)
23 **(E)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
25 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair)
26 *Agon, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
27 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
28 *Agon, Giselle* (Nerina, Somes)
29 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
30 **(M)** *The Lady and the Fool, Les Sylphides* (Chauviré), *Daphnis and Chloë*
30 **(E)** *Ballet Imperial, Les Sylphides* (Chauviré), *Daphnis and Chloë*

September
1 *The Lady and the Fool, Giselle* (Chauviré, Rassine)
2 *The Lady and the Fool, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
3 *Agon, Rinaldo and Armida, Le Lac des Cygnes* Act 2 (Chauviré), *Checkmate*
4 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair)
5 *Rinaldo and Armida, Le Lac des Cygnes* Act 2 (Chauviré), *The Firebird*
6 **(M)** *The Lady and the Fool, Giselle* (Beriosova, Ashbridge)
8 *Rinaldo and Armida, Le Lac des Cygnes* Act 2, *The Firebird*
9 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Chauviré, Rassine)
10 *Checkmate, Agon, The Firebird*
11 *Ballet Imperial, Le Lac des Cygnes* Act 2 (Chauviré), *Checkmate*
12 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Somes)
13 **(M)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Linden, Blair)
13 **(E)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Chauviré, Rassine)
15 Opera House, Manchester (2 weeks).
29 The Hippodrome, Bristol.

October
6 The New Theatre, Oxford.
27 The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (World première of Ashton's *Ondine*).

FESTIVAL BALLET
at the Royal Festival Hall

August
19 *Petrushka* (Woizikovski production), *Concerti, Nutcracker Suite*
20-22 *Petrushka, Concerti, Nutcracker Suite*
23-25 *Coppélia*
26 *Les Sylphides* (Markova), *The Witch Boy, Bolero* 1830 (Markova), *Symphony for Fun*
27 **(M)** *Swan Lake* Act 2, *Romeo and Juliet* (preview), *Variations for Four, Napoli*
27 **(E)** *Swan Lake* Act 2, *Romeo and Juliet* (Première), *Variations for Four, Napoli*
28 *Swan Lake* Act 2, *Variations for Four, Romeo and Juliet, Napoli*
29 *Swan Lake* Act 2, *The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball*
30 **(M)** *Les Sylphides* (Markova), *Nutcracker Suite, Dying Swan* (Markova), *Symphony for Fun*

September
1 *Les Sylphides, Nutcracker Suite, Etudes*
2 *Les Sylphides* (Markova), *Symphony for Fun, The Dying Swan* (Markova), *Etudes*
3 **(M)** *Swan Lake* Act 2, *Nutcracker Suite, Symphony for Fun*
3 **(E)-6** *Swan Lake* Act 2, *The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball*
6 **(M)** *Les Sylphides* (Markova), *Nutcracker Suite, Bolero* 1830 (Markova), *Symphony for Fun*
6 **(E)** *Swan Lake* Act 2, *The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball*
8 *Concerti, Giselle* (Markova)
9 Ninth Anniversary Gala with London première of Paddy Stone's ballet and famous guest stars.
10 **(M)** *Les Sylphides, Nutcracker Suite, Graduation Ball*
10 **(E), 11** *Les Sylphides, The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball*
12 *Concerti, Giselle* (Markova)
13 **(M & E)** *Petrushka, Romeo and Juliet, Concerti Marcello,* Paddy Stone ballet

BALLET RAMBERT
at Sadler's Wells Theatre,
Guest artist : Milorad Miskovitch

September
8-9 *Pas de Déesses, Fireflies, Epithalame* (1st Performance in England), *Laiderette*
10 *Coppélia*
11 Tudor programme. *Lilac Garden, Judgment of Paris, Dark Elegies, Gala Performance*
12-13 **(M)** *Fireflies, Giselle*
13 **(E)** *Epithalame, Giselle*
15-16 *Mirror, L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune* (original Nijinsky version), *Two Brothers* (Première), *Coppélia* Act 3
17-18 *Pas de Déesses, Death and the Maiden, L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune, Epithalame*
18 Tudor programme as on Sept. 11
20 **(M)** *Coppélia*
20 **(E)** *Laiderette, Two Brothers, Epithalame, Coppélia* Act 3
22 The Belgrave Theatre, Coventry.

October
27 The Gaiety, Dublin (2 weeks).

November
10 The Prince of Wales, Cardiff.

ANTONIO **see page 3**

INTERNATIONAL BALLET OF THE MARQUIS DE CUEVAS
at the London Coliseum

September
10-13 *Noir et Blanc, Night Shadow, Pas de Trois Classique, Gaité Parisienne*
15-20 *Constantia, Night Shadow, Grand Pas Classique—Esmeralda, Piége de Lumiére*
22-27 *Noir et Blanc, L'Amour et son Destin, Soirée Musicale, Le Prisonier du Caucase*
29-Oct. 4 *Les Sylphides, Le Mal du Siécle, Corrida, Diagramme*

BALLET FROM POLAND
at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, August 11-September 6

WESTERN THEATRE BALLET
at the Lyric, Hammersmith

August
19-21 **(E)** *Tableaux Vivants, Non-Stop, Giselle pas de deux, Impasse, Pulcinella*
21 **(M)***Tableaux Vivants, Peter and the Wolf, Pulcinella*
22, 23 **(E)** *Celeste and Celestinha, Non-Stop, The Prisoners, The Enchanted Rose Garden, Impromptu*
23 **(M)** *Celeste and Celestinha, Non-Stop, Peter and the Wolf, The Enchanted Rose Garden, Impromptu*

SUNDAY BALLET CLUB
at Wyndham's Theatre, London, on September 14

BALLET EXHIBITION
at the Army & Navy Stores, August 14-September 5

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August 25-27, *Concerto for Dancers, Secrets, The Night and the Silence, Circle of Love.*
August 28-30, *The Night and the Silence, Les Facheuses Rencontres, Secrets, Octet—A Study for Eight Dancers.*
September 1-3, *Les Facheuses Rencontres, Octet—A Study for Eight Dancers, Dreams, Midsummer Vigil.*
September 4-6, *Midsummer Vigil, Dreams, The Seventh Sacrament, La Belle Dame Sans Merci.*
September 8-10, *The Seventh Sacrament, La Belle Dame Sans Merci, The Great Peacock, Changement de Pied.* September 11-13, *The Great Peacock, Changement de Pied, Circle of Love, Concerto for Dancers.*

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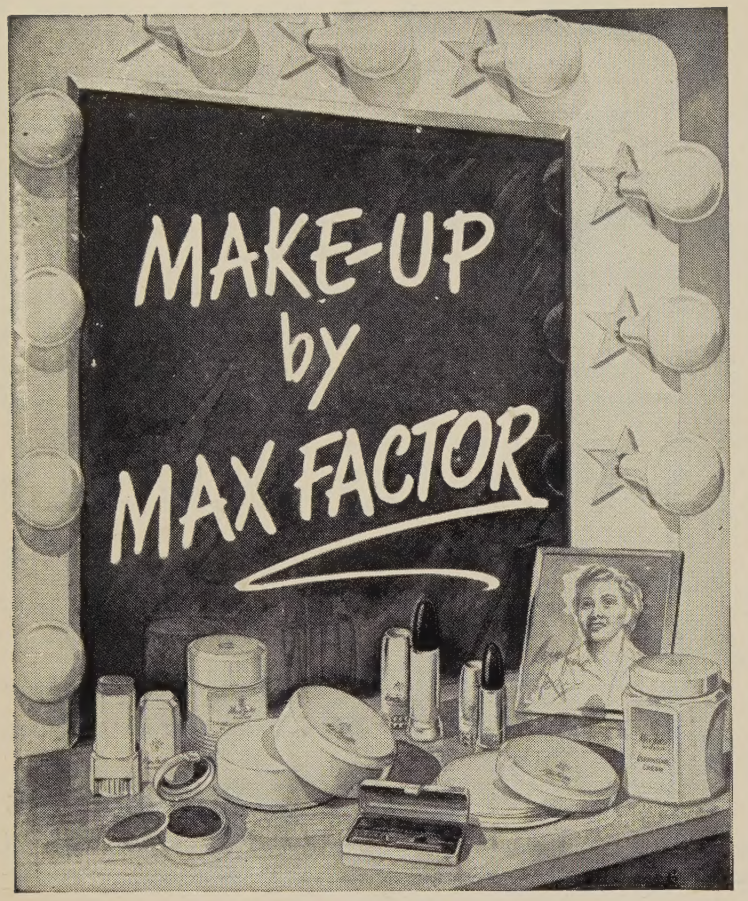

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